WIN AN ENVISION WEBCAM! WIN XXX DVDS!

HUSTLER®

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

JUNE 2008

EXCLUSIVE PICS!

Muscle Babes: Buff & Beautiful

THOM HARTMANN
ON GOP DOUBLE-SPEAK

THE BANGLES
ROCK 'N' ROLL
MILFS

LEFT-WING RADIO:
AIR AMERICA'S NOSEDIVE
ANALYSIS BY ALEX BENNETT

COMIC BOOK PARODY
IRON BALLS

EX-GOV. DON SIEGELMAN
ALABAMA'S POLITICAL PRISONER

DEPECHE MODE'S
DAVE GAHAN: "I DIDN'T TRY TO KILL MYSELF!"

CARTOONIST TROSLEY:
HOW TO BE A SUPERSTUD!

REMEMBERING ANNIE AMPLE & VAMPIRA

MIDWEST TRAGEDY:
CAMPUS "PORN STAR" MURDERED

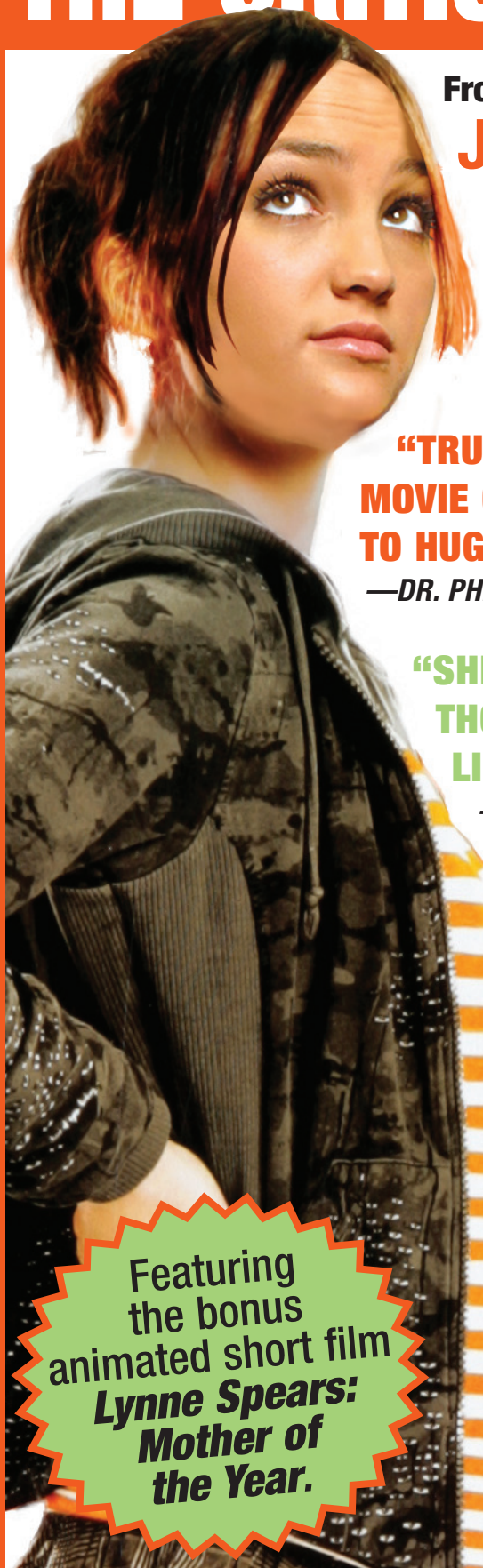
COVERGIRL
MEGGAN
OPEN TO ANYTHING

JUNE 2008 $8.99

0 71486 01909 1 97

WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

THE CRITICS HAVE SPOKEN



From the creators of *Knocked Up (Like My Sister)*

Jamie Lynn Spears stars in

OH, NO!

"TRUE TO LIFE, THIS FAMILY-FRIENDLY MOVIE OF THE YEAR WILL HAVE YOU WANTING TO HUG YOUR KIDS...AND FUCK THEM."
—DR. PHIL

"SHE'S PREGNANT TOO?! HA HA HA! MAN, THOSE SPEARS GIRLS MAKE ME LOOK LIKE I'VE GOT MY SHIT TOGETHER."
—LINDSAY LOHAN

"REALLY?! EVEN I WOULDN'T HAVE FUCKED JAMIE LYNN...UNLESS THERE WAS SOME CASH IN IT."
—KEVIN FEDERLINE

"YOU'LL LAUGH OUT LOUD AND MARVEL AT HOW SUPERIOR YOU'LL FEEL TO THESE REAL-LIFE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES."
—PARIS HILTON

"ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A MOVIE? SOUNDS LIKE A REALITY SHOW TO ME."
—MARK BURNETT

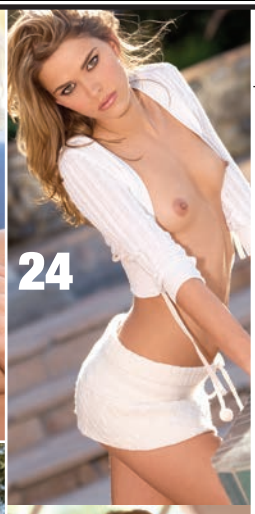
Featuring the bonus animated short film ***Lynne Spears: Mother of the Year.***

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad, but it is true that Britney Spears's little sis is pregnant at age 16. You have to love a family full of sluts who can't keep their legs closed.

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

JUNE 2008 VOLUME 34 NUMBER 13 • www.hustlermagazine.com



Girls

24 MEGGAN: Hanging Out
Photography by Mark Lit for Hicksphoto

44 JAIME LYNN: Behind the Scenes
Photography by Mark Lit for Hicksphoto

66 CASSIA RILEY & SHAY LAREN: All You Can Eat
Photography by Holly Randall

82 HANNA HILTON: Back for More
Photography by Mark Lit for Hicksphoto

112 ADEL MILLER & STEVE STALLION: Taking a Dip
Photography by Matti Klatt

132 JENNI LEE & JEAN VAL JEAN: Breaking In the New Girl
Photography by T. Rifter

176 MELISSA JACOBS: The Pickup Artist
Photography by Holly Randall

Features

3 OH, NO! Movie Ad Parody

16 HOUSE ON FIRE? Political Parody

36 CRACKING THE CODE
How to See Through GOP Doublespeak
by Thom Hartmann

40 SERIOUSLY FEMALE
Behind the Scenes With America's Sexiest Bodybuilders
by Jill Morley

52 THE LINGERING DOOM OF AIR AMERICA
The Sad Tale of Left-Wing Radio's Most Beleaguered Network
by Alex Bennett

56 GIRLS OF MYSPACE: Ruby Day

61 IRONBALLS
Comic Strip Movie Spoof
by Noel Anderson

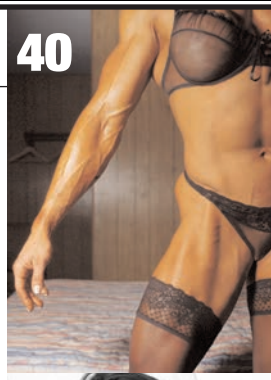
74 ANNIE AMPLE & VAMPIRA R.I.P.
A Photographic Look Back at Legendary Bombshells
by Ted Newsom

76 ALABAMA FASCISTS
How the GOP Railroaded a Governor
by Larisa Alexandrovna & Muriel Kane

80 YOU KNOW YOU'RE A SUPERSTUD WHEN...
Cartoons by George Trosley

102 MOVIE MAMMARIES
Holly Hunter & Gina Gershon NUDE!

104 FAMOUS FLESH
Revealing Shots of Spice Girl Geri Halliwell & Sarah Larson



Standards

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
A Question for My Fellow Citizens

8 TECH KNOW Cool New Gadgets, Envision Webcam Giveaway

9 ROBERT SCHEER
Bipartisan Shafting

10 GAME ON

11 NAT HENTOFF
Mr. Dodd Goes to Washington

13 FEEDBACK
Reader Rants 'N' Raves

17 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
New York Times' Andrew Rosenthal

19 BITS & PIECES Bucky's Vegas Tips, Porn Bowlers, Fellatio Fantasy & More

32 HOT LETTERS

59 ART OF ARIOCK

96 HUSTLER HUMOR

98 SIGHTS & SOUNDS
The Bangles, Depeche Mode's Dave Gahan, Bitchin' Discs

121 COLLEGE REPORT
Death of a "Porn Star" Coed

123 REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
Extracurricular Nudity

125 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
XXX Video Reviews, Johnny Wadd Unzipped, HUSTLER DVD Giveaway!

140 BEAVER HUNT
Amateur Roundup

HUSTLER®

Larry Flynt *Editor and Publisher*
Michael H. Klein *President*
Jim Chamberlain *Executive Vice-President*
Donna Hahner *Corporate Vice-President*
Liz Flynt *Vice-President, Administration*

Bruce David *Editorial Director*
Morgen "Tex" Hagen *Managing Editor*
Mark Johnson *Asst. Managing Editor/Research Director*
Ted Newsom *Features Editor*
Keith Valcourt *Bits & Pieces/Music Editor*
Philip Sanguinet *Copy Chief*
Eric Althoff *Copy Editor*
Tyler Downey *Editorial Assistant*

Art & Design

Nadeen Torio *Creative Director*
Joe Dunavan *Assistant Art Director*

Talent

China Barbor *Talent Coordinator*

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or e-mail talent@LFP.com.

Photography

Matti Klatt *Senior Photographer*
Ladi von Jansky *Photographer*
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*
Kenneth DeMartines *Production Designer*
Ramon Avelar *Studio Driver/Assistant*
Scott Feek *Construction Coordinator*

Network Systems

Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*
Lisa Jones *Network Systems Administrator*

Production

Brian Sturzenacker *Production Manager*
Rustin Knudtson *Traffic Coordinator*

Advertising

Allen Maine *National Advertising Director (323-951-7907)*
Fearl S. Chatman *Advertising Coordinator*
Gina J. Lee *Ad Production/Pre-Press Director*
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*
HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*
Art Elizarov *Vice-President, Human Resources*
John Lara *Vice-President, Finance*

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 34, No. 13, June 2008. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in May, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Copyright © 2008 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 323-651-2348. A one-year subscription is $39.95 (13 issues). This price represents **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. **No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted.** Back issues (available for USA orders only) are $15 to $25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is March 4, 2008.

Cover photo by Mark Lit for Hicksphoto

A QUESTION FOR MY FELLOW CITIZENS

What on earth is wrong with you?! Don't you understand what is going on? Your government has betrayed you! It serves the interests of the rich and powerful, not the poor or working class. You are being lied to and cheated. Each year your situation becomes more desperate. You're just one catastrophic illness away from losing everything. Yet all you do is sit on your fat ass.

Where the fuck is your anger?! Why aren't you out in the streets protesting? Why do you sit at home watching mindless reality shows as your jobs are being exported to China and India? When was the last time you called or wrote your congressperson or senator? Have you ever done that? Will you ever?

It's time to take action! If you can't rouse yourself now, you might not be allowed to later.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

P.S. The e-mail addresses and telephone numbers of your U.S. senators and congressperson can be found at **Senate.gov** and **House.gov**.

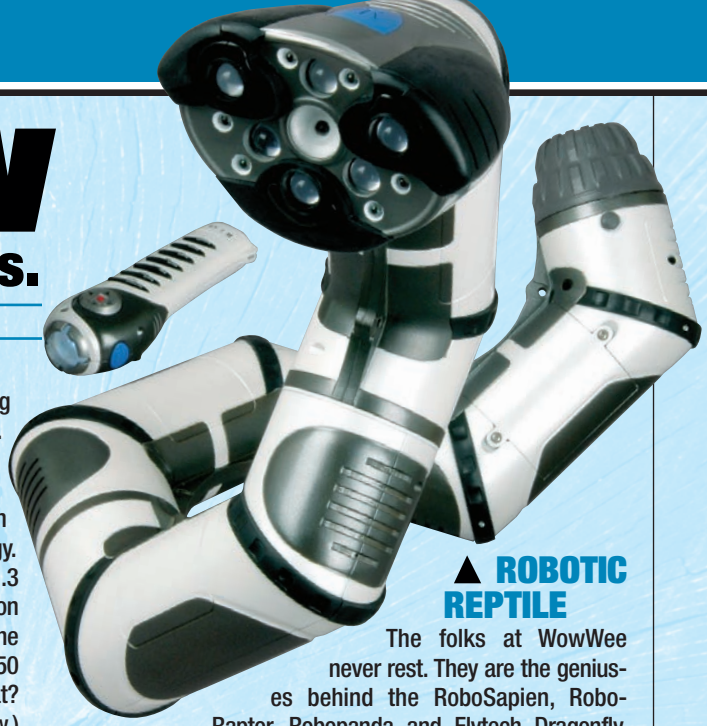
TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

◀ CAUGHT IN THE WEB

Hey, cheapass! You know you've been waiting for a quality Webcam at an affordable price. Well, crack out your wallet because it's here. This Windows Vista-certified V-cam is a compact unit that delivers high-resolution images through state-of-the-art technology. The **EPI Webcam** comes equipped with a 1.3 MP CMOS image sensor, 1.3 MP high-definition image capture (at 30 frames per second) and the ability to snap four MP pics. All this for less than 50 bucks! Or maybe you're even too cheap to pay that? Then try to win one of these cool gizmos. (See details below.) Available at ***EnvisionDisplay.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.99.



▲ ROBOTIC REPTILE

The folks at WowWee never rest. They are the geniuses behind the RoboSapien, RoboRaptor, Robopanda and Flytech Dragonfly. Not to mention the It's Alive Chimpanzee and Elvis. Their latest creation is the sci-fi **Roboboa**. This remote-controlled serpent can crawl, slither and simulate a strike through a series of preprogrammed moves. Be warned: You can't use **Roboboa** as a sex toy. We tried. Please don't ask. Available at ***RoboboaOnline.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.

◀ PICTURE THAT

Look, you have to trust us here. We know a thing or two about taking an excellent photograph. HUSTLER is a visual magazine, for Chrissakes! The new **DXG 110 Camera** is awesome. The 10-megapixel marvel features a 3X optical zoom, an SD slot, face-detection technology, focus illuminator and digital camcorder capability. Basically it's a foolproof, all-purpose unit that virtually guarantees a great shot regardless of your skill level as a lensman. Plus, it is one of the first 10-megapixel cameras to sell for less than 200 bucks. Get shooting!

Available at ***DXGusa.com***. Suggested retail price: $169.99.

WE GOT ▶ CARDED

This credit card-sized media device allows you to play your music and view videos and photographs at the touch of a button. The **Zen** is the first Creative player to support the unprotected AAC format, meaning you can transfer all your iTunes content into this unit without conversion issues. The 2.5-inch screen offers stunning, full-color resolution for all your films and photos. You can play up to 30 hours of music or five hours of video on a single charge. With a variety of memory choices, you can find your personal **Zen**.

Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $79 to $349, depending on file-storage capacity.

WEB CAMERA CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Let the world see you on the Internet. You need this cool Webcam! To get the chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, age, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Web Camera Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

E-mail Address _____ Age _____

Subscriber (check one) YES☐ NO☐

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

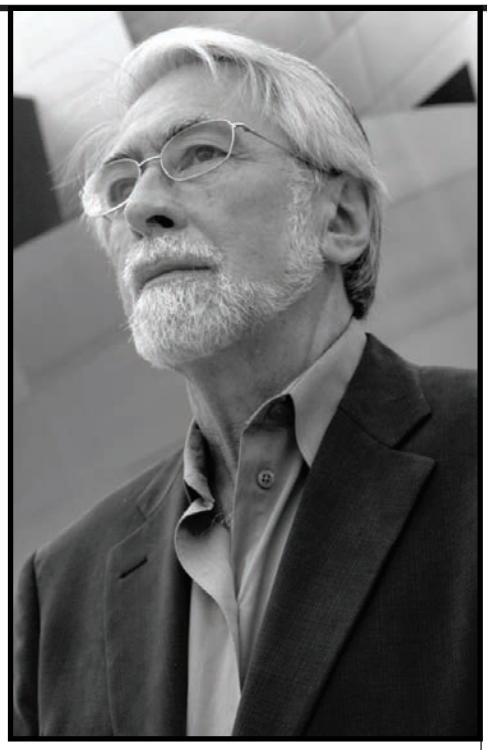
Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐Cartoons ☐Articles ☐Video Reviews

☐Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐ Other: _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by May 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

BIPARTISAN SHAFTING

The Republican and Democratic Parties Both Agree: Banks Can't Be Wrong.



IT WAS JANUARY 2008, with the Presidential race going full-bore, when we again learned why maverick candidates like progressive Representative Dennis Kucinich (D-Ohio) are so systematically marginalized by the ruling elites: They tend to point out when the emperor's thong is showing. Without such truth-tellers crashing the party, frontrunners control public discussion more by what they *don't* talk about than what they do.

So it was that the top Democrats were especially crafty in cutting Kucinich out of the crucial South Carolina debate, where they lamely attempted to deal with the dire consequences of the great banking meltdown of '07 without confronting the banks themselves. This is like discussing steroids in baseball without confronting the sport's players, managers or owners.

Sure, the candidates made all the proper concerned noises about millions of folks losing their retirement savings and homes, but none was willing to say what Kucinich would have: Bankers are crooks who will steal from the public unless the government holds them accountable.

How do I know Kucinich would have said that? Because I interviewed him for the *Los Angeles Times* back when he was mayor of Cleveland. Others can talk a populist line, but Kucinich has lived it. After he refused to sell the publicly owned municipal electric company, the banks put his debt-strapped city into default.

Kucinich was forced out of office, but ten years later, voters realized that their former mayor had been right. Thanks to his refusal to sacrifice Municipal Light in 1978, Clevelanders had low-cost electricity, and Kucinich was elected to the state legislature and then to Congress as his reward.

Kucinich, however, was going against the national tide. From Reagan on, deregulation became the mantra covering corporate theft in both Republican and Democratic administrations. It was disappointingly amazing that not one of Hillary Clinton's questioners at the South Carolina debate asked about her husband's signing of the Gramm-Leach-Bliley Act of 1999. This piece of legislation permitted banks, stockbrokers and insurance companies to merge, overturning one of the major regulatory achievements of the New Deal.

People forget lessons learned. The great wisdom that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt successfully dispensed in leading America out of the Great Depression was that boom-and-bust robber baron capitalism needed to be saved from itself. It required moderation and regulation of its potential excesses in order to provide both productivity and stability.

Just such excesses are now at the root of the financial chaos we have visited upon ourselves and the world in recent months. As with the Enron scandal—a direct result of bipartisan-supported deregulation of the energy industry—the sub-prime mortgage and easy-credit scandals now upon us are the natural product of government-allowed insanity. For decades, banking lobbyists have pushed through legislation freeing financial institutions to wreak havoc on our lives while they profit from lucrative personal bailouts regardless of a company's overall well-being.

Even as the economy was crashing toward recession last winter, Wall Street was handing out $39 billion in bonuses. And when it came time for Washington to begin frantically "stimulating" the failing economy—what journalist Barbara Ehrenreich calls "clitoral economics"—President Bush proposed handing out cash tax rebates only to families that make *more* than $40,000 a year.

"This may qualify as an example of what [leading cultural critic] Naomi Klein calls 'disaster capitalism,' in which any misfortune can be rejiggered to the advantage of the affluent," wrote Barbara Ehrenreich, author of the best-selling *Nickel and Dimed*, a devastating exposé of how damnably hard life is for the working class in America.

These folks, as well as the struggling middle class, both suffer enormously at the hands of predatory lenders of all types. Meanwhile, the Republican and Democratic parties refuse to place any serious restraints on the interest charged by banks. They apparently think it is perfectly normal, indeed healthy, for the economy that folks are given home loans or credit cards at unrealistic interest rates calculated to soar after an introductory phase. (This, while cynically rejiggering bankruptcy laws to heavily favor imploding banks over devastated individuals.)

What a sorry scene to have the top Democratic contenders unable to agree that some interest rates below 30% may rise to the level of usury. For those unfamiliar with the moral crime of usury, believing it's only a legal crime if loan sharks threaten your knee caps, let me quote from Ezekiel 22:12 of the King James Bible: "[T]hou hast taken usury and increase, and thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbors by extortion, and hast forgotten me, saith the Lord God."

Not being overly familiar with Scripture, I am grateful to Dennis Kucinich, a product of a stern Catholic upbringing, for having informed me, more than a quarter of a century ago, that it is the bankers—and the politicians who service them—who are courting the wrath of God…even if they fool the voters.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the Los Angeles Times, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of Ramparts magazine. Now editor of ***TruthDig.com****, Scheer has written six hard-hitting books, notably Thinking Tuna Fish, Talking Death: Essays on the Pornography of Power and Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush.*

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Wham Bam Body Slam

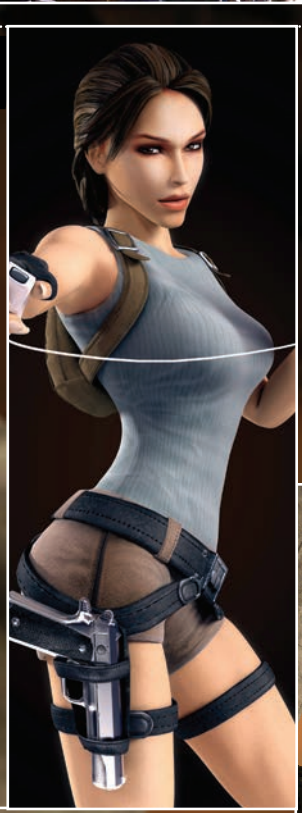
WWE Smackdown vs. Raw 2008
Manufacturer: THQ
Format: Xbox 360, PS3, DS & PSP
Have you ever wanted to set a table on fire, then wield it against your enemy? Well, that's what you get in this latest installment of the *WWE SmackDown* game franchise. This stalwart allows you to choose from eight unique fighting styles, all with their own benefits and disadvantages. Many of your favorite wrestlers return, including John Cena, Kane and the Undertaker. Combining incredible graphics and new features that deliver more depth and strategy, this game makes for an awesome wrestling experience. *—Taylor David*

Are You Ready to Rock?!

Rock Band
Manufacturer: EA/MTV Games
Format: PS3 & Xbox 360
Rock Band, taking a cue from the ultra-popular *Guitar Hero*, does the hands-on music game one better. Besides a guitar controller, there's a microphone and full set of drums. Plug in and assemble your own supergroup at home or play individually online with bandmates from around the world. Fame and fortune await your group as you rock through today's hottest tunes (58 included, with more downloadable) in various musical styles. This game rocks! Literally.

Creature Double Feature

Godzilla: Unleashed
Manufacturer: Atari
Format: PS2 & Wii
The legendary giant lizard and 20 other renowned monsters are here to do battle and wreak havoc on the world. Carnage and destruction await as you run amok, ripping through nine 3-D cityscapes and crushing buildings along the way. *Unleashed* features a nonlinear storyline that lets you influence the outcome, as well as a multiplayer mode for up to four monsters. Talk about utter mayhem!

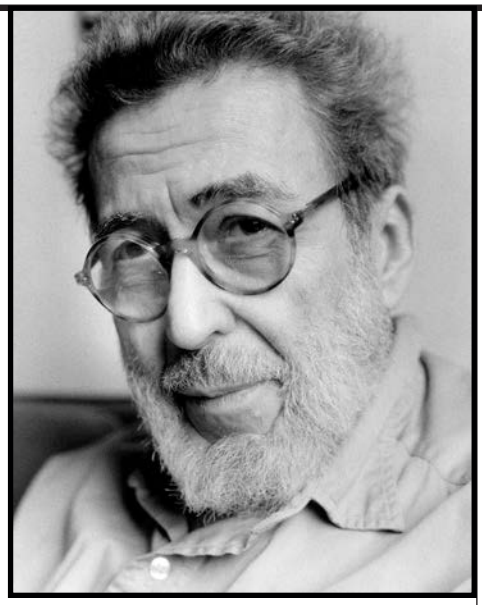


Love Lara

Lara Croft Tomb Raider: Anniversary
Manufacturer: Eidos Interactive
Format: Wii
Admit it, *Tomb Raider*'s Lara Croft was the first video game vixen to have you grabbing more than your joystick. To celebrate a decade of her ass-kicking action, a new version has been designed exclusively for the Wii. It features over three hours of special game play, plus several incredible hands-on moves courtesy of the innovative Wii controllers. *Lara Croft Tomb Raider: Anniversary* will provide the most fun you'll ever have manipulating a superhot adventuress in cutoff shorts. Then again....

MR. DODD GOES TO WASHINGTON

A lone honest congressman stands up to a wave of Bush corruption.



IN MY YOUTH, I watched Frank Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. In it, against enormous odds, a young congressman played by Jimmy Stewart triumphed over that body's corruption and indifference to the U.S. Constitution. I felt truly inspired at being an American. But growing up, after more than 50 years of reporting on Congress, I never expected that movie to become real.

On December 17, 2007, it became real. Democratic Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut successfully stopped the Bush Administration's fierce attempt to push through a bill that would give amnesty from prosecution to the huge telecommunications companies that have been—and still are—partners with the President and the National Security Administration in unlawful wiretapping and other eavesdropping on millions of us in pursuit of links to terrorism.

Like Jimmy Stewart, Dodd stayed on the floor for some ten hours to stymie Senate Democratic leader Harry Reid (D-Nevada), who was willing to accede to Bush's "compromise" Foreign Intelligence Service Act "reform" bill that would let the telecommunications companies off the hook.

Also capitulating to Bush was Jay Rockefeller (D-West Virginia), chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. Said Caroline Frederickson, the ACLU's admirably tough legislative director on National Public Radio (October 18, 2007): "The Democrats seem consistently worried. Every time the President mentions the word *terrorism*, they fall down and roll over."

Chris Dodd—author of the Restoring the Constitution Act, ignored by the Senate—wouldn't roll. "For the last six years," he said while blocking the Bush Administration deal, "our largest communications companies have been spying on their own American customers. Secretly, and without a warrant, they delivered to the federal government the private, domestic communications records of millions of Americans—records this administration has compiled into a database of enormous scale and scope."

Then, without a touch of exaggeration, Chris Dodd added that in his long career in public office, he has never seen a President of the United States with "contempt of the rule of law equal to this."

Two days later and not at all surprisingly, our new attorney general, Michael Mukasey (far more dangerous than Alberto Gonzales because he is light-years smarter and more cunning), told an American Bar Association panel in Washington that these telecom giants must be protected from lawsuits by us citizens that would "run into the hundreds of billions of dollars."

Good Lord, laments Mukasey, they "face bankruptcy, they face loss of reputation, they face millions of dollars in legal fees—all because they are alleged to have helped the government in obtaining intelligence information after 9/11." They were good soldiers.

Alleged to have helped the government? The evidence against the cooperative telecommunication companies is so clear that so far some lower court lawsuits have been silenced by the government, which claims the "state secrets" privilege. Thus, the evidence is sealed from us.

Fighting forcefully against these companies is the Electronic Frontier Foundation in *Hepting v. AT&T*, which may yet tear down the "state secrets" wall. On the day Dodd stopped Bush, Cheney, Reid and Rockefeller—December 17, 2007—EFF Legal Director Cindy Cohen said, "The biggest hero today is Senator Dodd, who recognized the profound Constitutional issues at stake in [the government's] taking this key issue away from the courts, and [Dodd] refused to let it be rammed trough the Senate without a fight."

With the Senate back in session, Dodd continues his fight. Even if he gets enough of his colleagues—and some Republican senators who fear the growing outrage of their constituents, many of whom, as in the Jimmy Stewart movie, bombarded the Senate in support of Dodd's battle—George W. Bush vows to veto any FISA "reform" bill that does not grant immunity to the telecommunications companies.

Since the Roberts-Bush Supreme Court is far from a notable defender of our Constitutional liberties, unless the next President and Congress protect us from immersion into the quicksand of these databases provided to the government by the communication companies, here is what we're in for: Former AT&T technician Mark Klein revealed that, while in its employ, he found a secret room in which the National Security Administration was tapping into the fiber optic cables. This made George W. Bush the master spy of all time.

On National Public Radio (November 7, 2007), whistleblower Klein described what he had already told the Electronic Frontier Foundation: "It's not just AT&T's traffic going through these cables, because these cables connected AT&T's network with other networks like Sprint, Qwest, Global Crossing, UUNet. … These cables went through what they called a splitter…a device that just copies the entire data without any selection going on. So it's a complete copy of the data stream."

And that unfiltered stream can be sent to the FBI, CIA, Homeland Security, and state and local police and intelligence agencies—without your knowing anything of what's in that stream about you.

George Orwell was a piker. If he were still with us, he'd have to rewrite *1984*. But as for us now, have any of the Presidential candidates of either party—except for Chris Dodd and Joe Biden, who have dropped out for lack of support from civil libertarians—shown any alarmed interest in preserving even part of what Justice Louis Brandeis insisted is the most basic of all our rights: "the right to be left alone"?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the Village Voice, the Washington Times, the United Media Newspaper Syndicate and Free Inquiry. His incisive books include The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights; Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee; The War on the Bill of Rights—And the Gathering Resistance; and the forthcoming Is This America?

DICK CHENEY, I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH BY FIRING SQUAD FOR TREASON!
SQUIRT!
A LIBERAL'S WET DREAM

Immortalized

I was excited when I heard that HUSTLER had nude pics of Nancy Benoit [*The Long-Lost Images of Wrestler Chris Benoit's Doomed Wife*, March '08]. I'm a huge wrestling fan, and I remember when Nancy was known as Woman. I still watch her first Halloween Havoc video from back in 1989.

Before I finally picked up the magazine, I heard a lot of negative press that Nancy had tried to have the pics destroyed when she became a mom and that HUSTLER was sick for printing them and so on. But hell, she posed for them with a smile; being the "fallen angel" was part of her image.

I remember some pics that were released when Nancy was trying to boost her reputation as a bad girl; yours were just a continuation of those. Not to speak ill of the dead, but let's be honest: She had a history of working all the angles to fame—always hustling. Maybe if Nancy Benoit had stuck to nude modeling, she'd still be alive! **—J.S.**
Erie, Pennsylvania

Follow Your Dream

Porn is finally having a healthy effect on my life, since I've decided to become a porn stud myself. I quit smoking, I'm trying to lose 60 pounds, and I'm enlarging my dick. Being a truck driver is a lonely life for little pay. The hookers all want 200 bucks, and my take home is only 400!

It's time for this gutter guy to head west and play in the barn with the likes of Natasha Nice, Roxy DeVille and lovely Brooke Belle. My dream is to fuck 'em all and make enough money to live off the interest. Wish me luck! **—Steve Cook**
Cincinnati, Ohio

Jolt of Reality

Thanks for covering the University of Florida Tasing incident [*College Report:* "Shocking Assault on Free Speech," March '08]. This kind of police brutality is a direct assault on our rights, and it's turning into an epidemic. The Internet is filled with accounts and videos of the gratuitous Tasing of citizens who represented zero threat to police officers. Cops have been Tasing peaceful protesters, the elderly, even the disabled. Many victims have been Tased to death. Here in my county they even Tased the belly of a woman who was obviously pregnant.

The Tasing of Andrew Meyer at the University of Florida came less than a year after campus cops at UCLA repeatedly jolted a student in the library. Despite the fact that a video of the incident appeared on YouTube—and caused broad condemnation—the officers are still on duty. The victim, Mostafa Tabatabainejad, has filed a federal lawsuit against them. Good for him.

Unfortunately, Andrew Meyer wimped out under pressure and apologized to the officers for making them Taser him!

My message to the victims: Don't let the cops get away with this! Use the courts! Unless you're waving a weapon, they have no right to Tase you just because they feel like it or because you're protesting your treatment and voicing your rights. Tasing should be the last resort, not the first!
—K.J.
Alachua, Florida

One Good Bush?

Larry Flynt, you're the true undefeated patriot in America, but please choose your targets more carefully. For instance, I thought your *Farts in the Wind* item on Jenna Bush [March '08] was unfair. As a reader of my local paper, the *Deseret News*, recently wrote: "Jenna is a very beautiful person and immensely humble in presenting her humanitarian efforts, despite the fact that I am dead set against the ugliness of her moronic father's Presidency." Hug Jenna; don't hurt her!
—Dan Connole
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ay Cubana!

Lela Star [March '08] has got to be the best argument for letting more Cubans into this country. I've seen Lela in a couple of fuck flicks already, and she definitely knows how to puff a cigar. Thanks for giving Lela a classy layout. She deserves it.
—"Goose" Granville
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Fresh Air

Your recent travel tip [*A Real-Life Carribbean Fantasy Island*, March '08] was perfectly timed. I'm in international sales, and I extended my latest junket to check out Oxygen Retreat. The wife's been getting on my last nerve and won't lay off the Twinkies, so it was time to indulge a little.

Your reporter was right. Oxygen Retreat was worth every penny. The only problem? You eventually have to go back home.
—Anonymous ("So the wife doesn't kill me!")
Lake Oswego, Oregon

Naked New World

I am writing to let you know that I really enjoy HUSTLER Magazine. I have every issue from July 1974. I also have *HUSTLER'S Taboo* from the first issue of July 1998.

I now think it's time for HUSTLER to come out with a complete collection of every issue on digital DVD disc. I am also a subscriber to the Zinio digital versions of HUSTLER and *Barely Legal*. I like being able to go through them page by page just like a regular magazine. When will *Taboo* be available in digital form too?
—Chris Costa
Honolulu, Hawaii

See more of smoking-hot Lela Star in our review of her ClubJenna release ***Pin Up Perversions*** *on page 125.*

The digital version of *Taboo* is now online at **TabooSub.com**. *Barely Legal*'s can be found at **BarelyLegalSub.com**. Larry Flynt's flagship magazine is available at **HustlerSub.com**. Each digital version costs $29.95 for a whole year. That's just $2.30 an issue!

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

AIG HOUSE ON FIRE?

Help Is on the Way! *(If you can afford to pay!)*

Given the recent Bush tax cuts (depleting state resources), do you really want to rely on local government in the event of a fire? Fuck no! With the *Firebreak Spray Systems Plan* our trained team of private firefighters is on hand to safeguard *your* home. Not the homes of your neighbors. Those poor bastards will have to wait for state and county firefighters. Good luck with that. What's important is that *your* domicile is safe. Who can put a price on the value of your house and personal effects? We can. For a mere $19,000 a year we'll coat your home with a special flame retardant and even dispatch a fire truck to your front door in the event of a fire. Your neighbors, who can't afford our service? They're toast!

Coming to a community near you: Privatization of Fire Departments!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how privatization is taking over. It is a truly sad state of affairs that only the rich can afford to be safe, as was seen during last year's cataclysmic Southern California wildfires. For more info, check out **AssociatedContent.com**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Andrew Rosenthal

It's a pity to watch the *New York Times* spin down the toilet, with Andy Rosenthal's hand on the flush lever, but it's not surprising. He's the son of longtime *Times* exec A.M. Rosenthal, whose schizo combination of liberal thought and conservative cheerleading probably made Andy the baffling, empty person he is today.

Andy Rosenthal was anointed editorial page editor after holding various positions at the *Times* since 1987. With his ascent to the throne, Big Chief Rising Son announced that the stodgy voice of the Establishment would henceforth feature weekly columns by right-wing fruitcake William Kristol, son of neocon windbag Irving Kristol.

This puzzled most *Times* readers and the editors. The younger Kristol's hatred of the daily was no secret: He'd damned the so-called liberal newspaper as "irredeemable" and referred to it as part of an "axis of appeasement" because it didn't support his loony saber-rattling.

In 2006, when the *Times* uncovered illegal government spying into bank accounts, Kristol bitched, "The *Times* itself should be prosecuted for this totally gratuitous revealing of an ongoing secret classified program that is part of the war on terror." (Prosecuted for telling the truth? Brilliant!)

Kristol is just what the world—and the *Times*—needs: a second-generation reactionary propping up the failed Bush/Cheney clusterfuck in Iraq and at home, not to mention a onetime detractor of the paper.

Defending his new hire, Rosenthal whined, "The idea that the *New York Times* is giving voice to a guy who is a serious, respected conservative intellectual—and somehow that's a bad thing. How intolerant is that?" Respected? Every pronouncement that pinhead Kristol has made on the Iraq debacle has been colossally wrong:

•There won't be civil war after we invade Iraq, because it's secular and nonreligious (July 2003).

•We're turning the corner in Iraq (July '03 again).

•Iraq has not descended into religious and ethnic fighting (September 2003).

•The invasion has not encouraged Islamic nutbars to join a *jihad* (September '03 again).

•Iraqi oil production has returned to pre-war levels (March 2004), etc.

Just another manifestation of cronyism. Kristol's old man was a chum of A.M. Rosenthal, and their sons apparently became pals. Back in Andy's cub reporter days, Bill Kristol was the chief weasel of then-VP Dan Quayle and no doubt fed biased insider info to buddy Andy.

Kristol fucked up his *Times* gig right out of the gate. His first essay attributed a quote from conservative moron Michael Medved to fellow conservative moron Michelle Malkin. Apparently, the *Times* fact-checkers haven't bothered vetting Kristol's submissions—since they'd have to rewrite every bullshit claim.

Rosenthal is the captain of the *Titanic* in a sea of doubt, losing credibility with every edition. Soon the paper won't even be reliable enough to wrap fish in. For each past success—notably publishing the Pentagon Papers—there's a dozen recent examples of stupidity and the overstepping of ethical bounds.

There was the Judith Miller boondoggle. The reporter unquestioningly accepted false "leaks" from Republican hawks about Iraq's supposed weapons of mass destruction, which transformed the *Times* into a pro-war propaganda machine. Miller was ultimately given the boot.

Then there was Jayson Blair, a shooting star reporter who—it turned out—had plagiarized other writers, made up quotes and drafted endless "on the spot" reports without leaving his desk. Blair resigned, the *Times*' reputation irreparably damaged.

During the hotly contested 2008 New Hampshire primary, Maureen Dowd filed a snappy report. Yes sirree, Rosenthal's ace scribe was right in the middle of the action, describing the heartache and triumph, the tension-filled tally and the surprising outcome. There was her byline and the dateline "Derry, NH," heart of conservative New England. Except Dowd was in Jerusalem on that very day, trailing George W. Bush on his suck-up trip through the Holy Land.

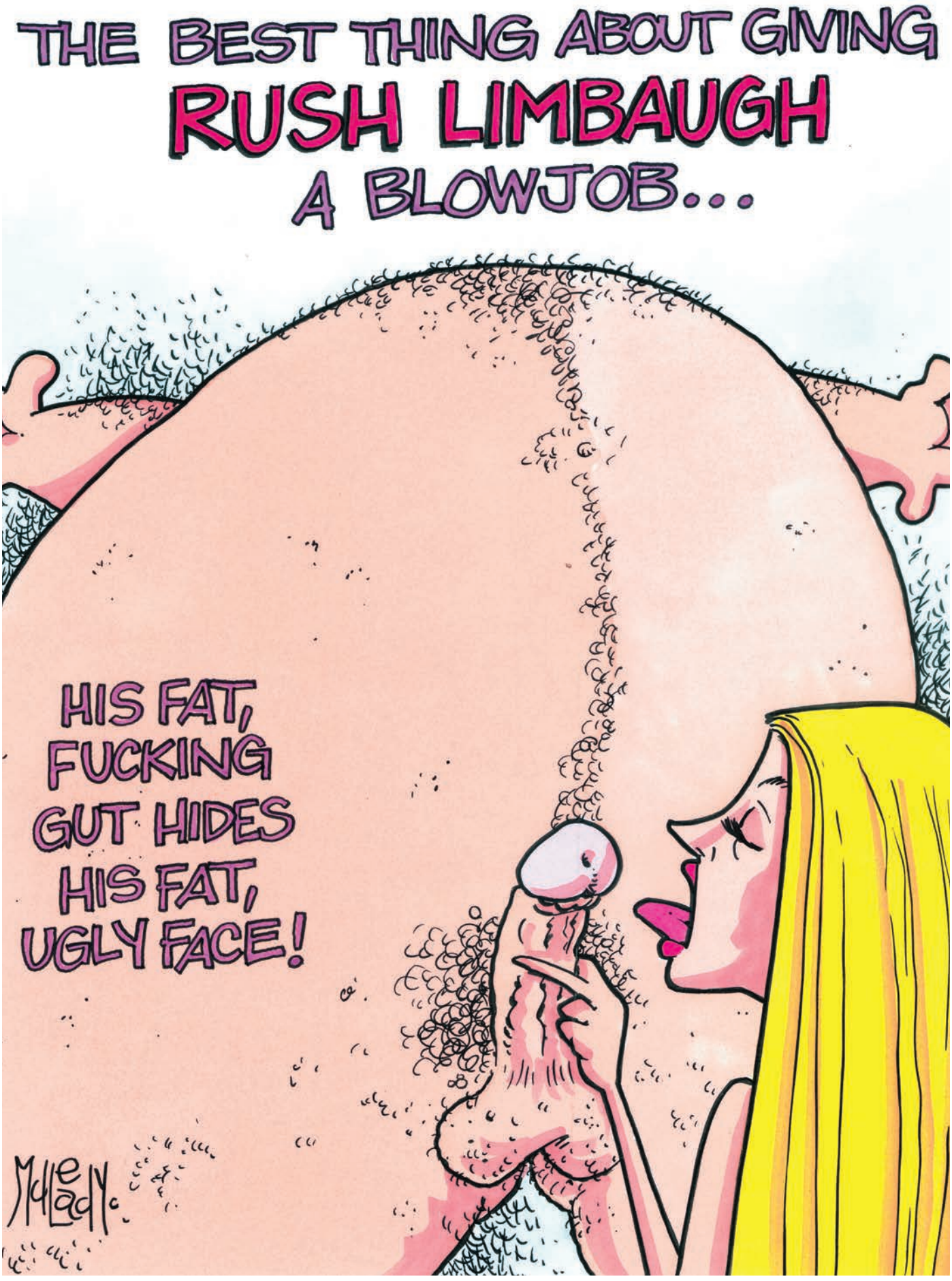
That's called a GFE in Journalism 101—Gross Factual Error, the same thing Jayson Blair did. Then again, what's 5,000 miles between colleagues?

The motto of the *New York Times* has long been "All the News That's Fit to Print." With Andy Rosenthal around, we believe it ought to be changed to "All the News That's Shit, We Print."

Farts in the Wind

•**General Pervez Musharraf**, the president of Pakistan, typifies the murderous bastards Washington loves to support. He claims to be a fighter of terrorism, even while his country is the hotbed of nutbar Islamist training. Despite sucking up $10 billion in U.S. aid (which all went to him, his pals and his army), the rest of the nation remains mired in poverty. His loose-cannon nuclear program put atomic weapons within the reach of any belligerent with dough—like North Korea. He's suspected to be the brains behind the murder of political opponent Benazir Bhutto, although his official story is that she bumped her head. Yeah—with an Uzi slug! And all this, while protected by State Department and Pentagon officials. LBJ's old phrase comes to mind: "He's a sonofabitch, but he's *our* sonofabitch." But squat-faced, preening little Musharraf isn't even ours.

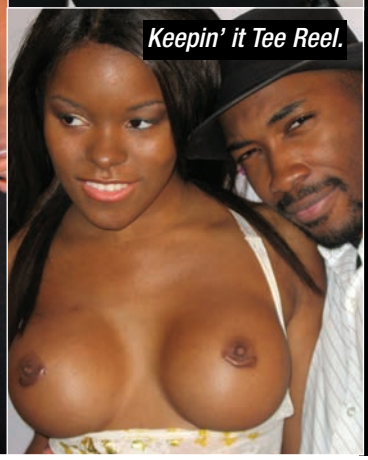
•**Michael Mukasey**, America's new attorney general, slipped into this tarnished office on an undeserved pass from the wimpy Democratic Congress. After the ass-licking Alberto Gonzales, Jack the Ripper would have looked good. Mukasey showed his hand even before taking the job. Meeting with assorted neocon criminals, he allegedly promised *not* to go after White House lawbreakers. He's held to his spineless promise. Mukasey waffled on whether waterboarding is torture (it is every place in the world except Bush's bailiwick); he intervened when Congress demanded an independent investigation of the CIA's destruction of torture tapes; and he fought to give the White House and the telecommunications companies a "get out of jail free" card for illegally tapping the phones of U.S. citizens. In short, he's a shit-sucking toady.


THE BEST THING ABOUT GIVING
RUSH LIMBAUGH
A BLOWJOB...
HIS FAT, FUCKING GUT HIDES HIS FAT, UGLY FACE!
MHLeady

From Memphis with love.

What the faux hawk?!

Please call us!


Keepin' it Tee Reel.

Lose the tops, ladies!

HERE'S THE STORY...

THERE WAS A TON of flashing (and we're not talking cameras) during the Hollywood party commemorating the DVD release of *Not the Bradys XXX*. On hand were several of the film's stars and other adult-entertainment luminaries. Also worth mentioning is that the hard-core spoof is getting major kudos across the board.

PHOTOS BY CARY RADCLIFF

HUNDREDS OF JOKES & CARTOONS
HUSTLER HUMOR
I wanna read HUSTLER HUMOR before we have sex!
OK!! Stinking PMS!!
VOL. 30, NO. 1 ONLY $6.99
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST HUMOR MAGAZINE

FUNNY THAT WAY

THE COVER of the latest HUSTLER HUMOR is so sexy, we couldn't resist reprinting it. The illustrator was Tom Simonton, and inside is his spectacular comic starring the remarkably stacked Biobabe. Hoo-hah!

BUCKY BEAVER'S Las Vegas Tip #1

Remember, what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas. Except chlamydia. That you take home with you.
WELCOME
LAS VEGAS
NEVADA
HUSTLER

THANKS AND $100 go to T.D. of Larochemillay, France, for this "group grope" photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"A woman occasionally is quite a serviceable substitute for masturbation." —KARL KRAUS, SATIRIST

CELEBRITY FANTASY

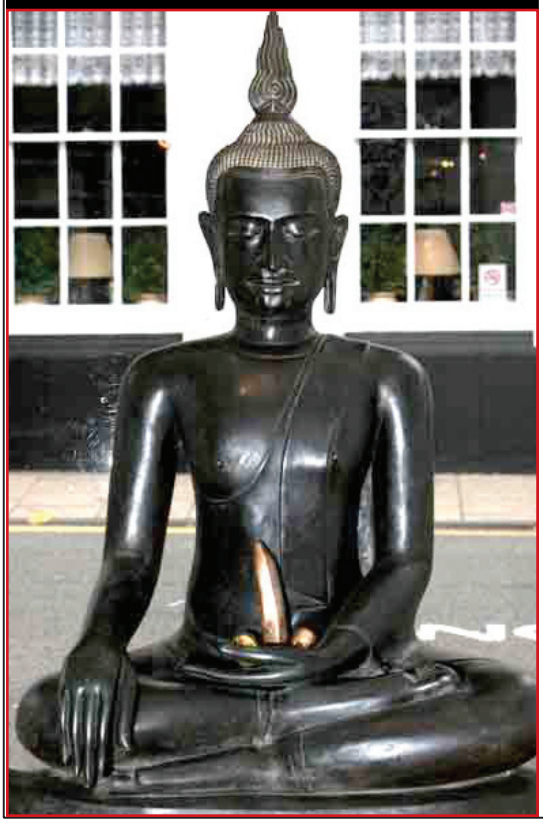
WHAT WOULD Christina Applegate LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

EVER SINCE SHE starred on *Married With Children*, we have wanted to put a dick in Christina Applegate's perfect pout. It just didn't seem right at the time. But now that the fuckable actress is all grown up and back in the public eye with the hit TV show *Samantha Who?*, it seems like the perfect opportunity—and well worth the wait.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Christina Applegate actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. We recommend using this photo for masturbation, especially if you are married with children.

BONERS FOR BUDDHA

THIS CONTROVERSIAL statue was the centerpiece of an art exhibit in Norwich, England. Its creator claims that the bronzed genitalia are actually a banana and two eggs. Sometimes a banana is just a banana. Other times it's a cock.



BUCKY BEAVER'S Las Vegas Tip #2

Everybody Loves HUSTLER

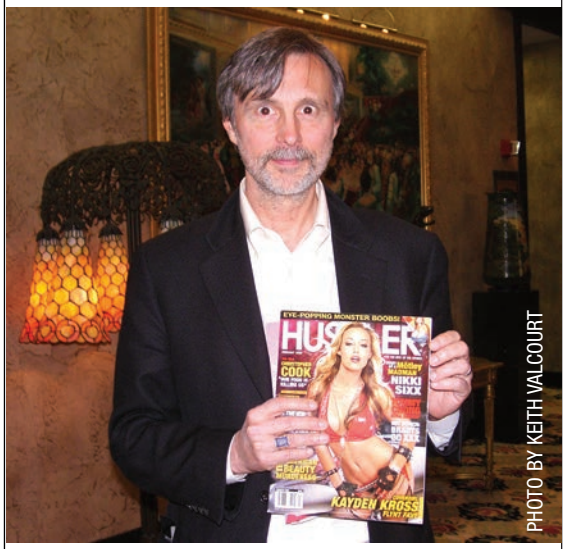


PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

RADIO PERSONALITY and author Thom Hartmann (*Cracking the Code*, *Screwed: The Undeclared War Against the Middle Class* and more) dropped by our offices to talk politics. During the visit we thrust a copy of HUSTLER into Thom's hands. The progressive host can be heard daily on Air America and Sirius satellite radio's Left Channel 146. For his thoughts on right-wing chicanery, turn to page 36.

"Nothing risqué, nothing gained." —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, CRITIC

NEWSBITES

Shitty Restaurant

Look, we all love those tacky theme restaurants like TGI Friday's and Fuddruckers, which cover their walls with random memorabilia, but this is ridiculous. A Taiwan-based chain called Modern Toilet has just opened up. You guessed it: Its 12 locations feature plates shaped like toilets and disposal bins, commodes for seats, and food that resembles human waste products. We suggest avoiding the Poo Poo Platter.

Intimate Inmates

What do you do if you're a horny gal, and your husband is in the slammer? Fuck your neighbor! Unless you're an English broad who was so determined to get shagged, she broke into a prison on the Isle of Wight. The lusty lady was successful in her quest, but was caught trying to exit the penal facility. Boy, do we need a chick like this motivated missus! She risked her neck to get some, and our girlfriends won't even drive 20 miles to see us.

Mr. Potato Head

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, especially if she's got a strong pitching arm and a handy spud. In the midst of a heated dinnertime fight recently, a housewife from Georgia hurled a raw potato at her husband's nose and knocked him out cold. Hubby fully recovered from his injuries and declined to press criminal charges. He now eats only instant potatoes.

Frilly Felons

If you get caught driving drunk in Maricopa County, Arizona, you'd better be willing to pay the ultimate price. No, not death. You'll be forced to wear pink women's underwear in public while working on a chain gang digging graves. That is the DUI sentence imposed by "America's Toughest Sheriff," Joe Arpaio. Call us opportunists, but this may be a perfect cross-promotion for our HUSTLER Hollywood stores. Better us than Victoria's Secret.

THINK PINK?

HEY, MOLLY MAID! Who said you could use HUSTLER's slogan to promote your cleaning services? Think Pink?! We're thinking trademark infringement. But we'll be willing to overlook this matter if you send your sexiest maids to clean the HUSTLER offices. Okay, okay. We'll settle for just having them tidy up Tex Hagen's office.

Sign of the Times

SOMETIMES ONE word says it all. We also have one word for S.H. of Elsie, Michigan: thanks. Have you seen a funny sign? If so, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Las Vegas Tip #3

"To succeed with the opposite sex, tell her you're impotent. She can't wait to disprove it." — CARY GRANT, ACTOR

Bowled over!

Alley cats.

Talk about your 7/10 split!

Who's keepin' score?

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

IN THE GUTTER

ONCE AGAIN, Bill Margold gathered up a handful of his sexy porn-starlet friends for a charitable night of bowling. Hundreds of fans also turned out at the latest fundraiser for P.A.W. Foundation (Protect Adult Welfare), which helps porn stars in need. Porn stars and bowling? Now that's a combo right up our alley.

"Science is a lot like sex. Sometimes something useful comes of it, but that's not the reason we're doing it." —RICHARD FEYNMAN, PHYSICIST

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Lust: Kinky Online Personal Ads From Seattle's *The Stranger*

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

▶***LUST***: *Kinky Online Personal Ads From Seattle's The Stranger* is a howl. Weeding through her hometown's alternative weekly, Ellen Forney has filled her new book with noteworthy classifieds of singles looking for love. These outcries would be intriguing on their own, but Forney has added appropriate (or is it inappropriate?) comics to the mix, creating some very funny results.

Look for *Lust* at bookstores everywhere.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Las Vegas Tip #4

ANN COULTER IS FULL OF SHIT

OR WILL BE if you use this custom-made toilet paper featuring the he-she blowhard. What we can't figure out is why it took so long for someone to come up with this!

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

HANGING OUT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

MEGGAN
PHOTO VIRGIN

I must be dreaming," **Meggan** gushes. "Am I dreaming? Ever since I can remember, I wanted to be a model in a magazine, and here I am. No one back home believed me when I told them I was going out to California to do this. Wait till they see me in HUSTLER; they will be so envious!"

The Lone Star State lovely is a dreamgirl in every sense of the word. "I am still pretty inexperienced when it comes to sex," **Meggan** admits, "but I can be a very *dirty* blonde. Of course, I have lots of fantasies I'd love to fulfill. First of all, I want to have sex outside with people watching. That would be *so* hot. I also hope to have a threesome and a real lesbian experience. So far I've only made out with another girl at a party, but I'd love to really get it on with a sexy chick."

MEGGAN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Houston,Texas
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn
HEIGHT: 5-9

The future is bright for Miss **Meggan**. “This layout really is a launching point for me,” she proudly proclaims. “I’ve gotten all kinds of offers and calls to do more photo work and maybe some adult films. I think you’ll be seeing a lot more of me in the years to come.” Whatever happens, **Meggan**, remember, we first saw all of you here.

BOUND FOR PLEASURE

Hands moved over my naked body, exploring every inch of flesh. They were caressing my breasts, teasing my inner thighs and squeezing my butt cheeks. Four hands? Six? I couldn't tell for sure.

I was blindfolded, spread-eagle and faceup on the mattress, my limbs secured to the bedposts. There was no way of telling how long I'd been here. One hour? Three? I'd been drifting in and out of sleep when I heard the door open, and the surreal experience began.

Now someone was tonguing the soles of my feet while another person was fingering my rosebud. I couldn't help but moan. My ass has always been incredibly sensitive. A thick finger pushed all the way in, making my clit pulse.

No one spoke. I could hear heavy breathing, the rustle of clothing and the sound of zippers sliding down. My husband had to be around somewhere, right? After all, this was his fantasy.

About a month back, Andrew and I were basking in the afterglow of some fine Saturday-morning sex when I asked him what he wanted for our second wedding anniversary. The fucker has always been more sexually adventuresome than me, so the B&D scenario he described didn't come as a complete surprise. Andrew told me he wanted to tie me up for the whole day, then use and lightly abuse me as he saw fit. He mentioned a safe word, but failed to mention that he'd be inviting some friends over.

I was pretty sure that I was at the mercy of three men. After two years of marriage I should have known which one was my darling husband. I didn't. And when someone started sucking my clit, I didn't care who was down there. My hips bucked off the bed, and I struggled against the bonds around my wrists. I wanted to hold his head to my snizz. Fuck! The ties dug into my flesh and made the sex sweetly painful and delicious.

A second tongue delved into my twat. A third danced over my nipples. Not being able to see seemed to heighten my other senses. I smelled manly, musky sweat and heard the sloppy, wet sounds of tongues slapping against my flesh.

Had anything ever felt so extreme, I wondered, *and so wonderful?*

I started trembling in my restraints, and a climax crashed through my body like a freight train. It left me completely sated, relaxed, limp.

But it seemed that the boys had only begun to play. A smooth, fat crown nudged at my mouth from the right-hand side of the bed. I sucked it in seconds before a throbber prodded at my lips from the left. Stretching my mouth to its limits, I nursed on both thick cocks as a third pecker was shoved into my cunt. Damn, I felt so totally full, so totally fucked!

In "real life" I'm a corporate consultant, an efficiency expert. As such, I'm a control freak. Now all control had been wrested from me, and I was nothing but a helpless rag doll for three guys, two of them strangers. To my surprise, I fuckin' loved being submissive!

Suddenly, I wanted to be as good a lay as these men had ever had. I wanted to make my husband proud. Sucking hard, I hoovered those boners to the back of my throat. Drool was flowing down my chin. Concentrating on my pelvic muscles, I clutched and released, clutched and released, over and over again.

Now balls spanked my ass cheeks with every lunge. Stiff dicks were jamming in and out of my mouth, sometimes together, sometimes one at a time. All three men were grunting and moaning.

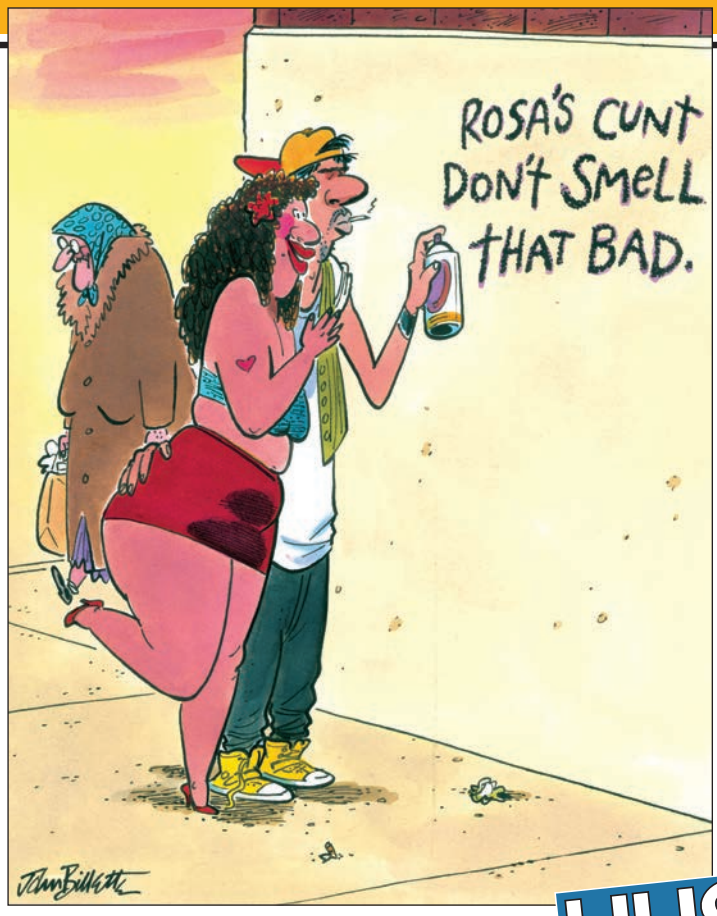
Another orgasm built and built till it turned multiple. My first multiple! And then, as if by signal, all three men pulled back. I could hear a slap, slap, slap, followed by lines of hot jism raining down over my face and body! As I writhed in my bonds, the men spray-painted my tingling flesh with cum. Absolute heaven!

And then nothing. I heard the bedroom door close, and I allowed myself to sink into the mattress. Ten minutes passed. Maybe 20. My quim started to feel empty, and I was aching to be touched. I could hear the men in the kitchen, laughing, drinking.

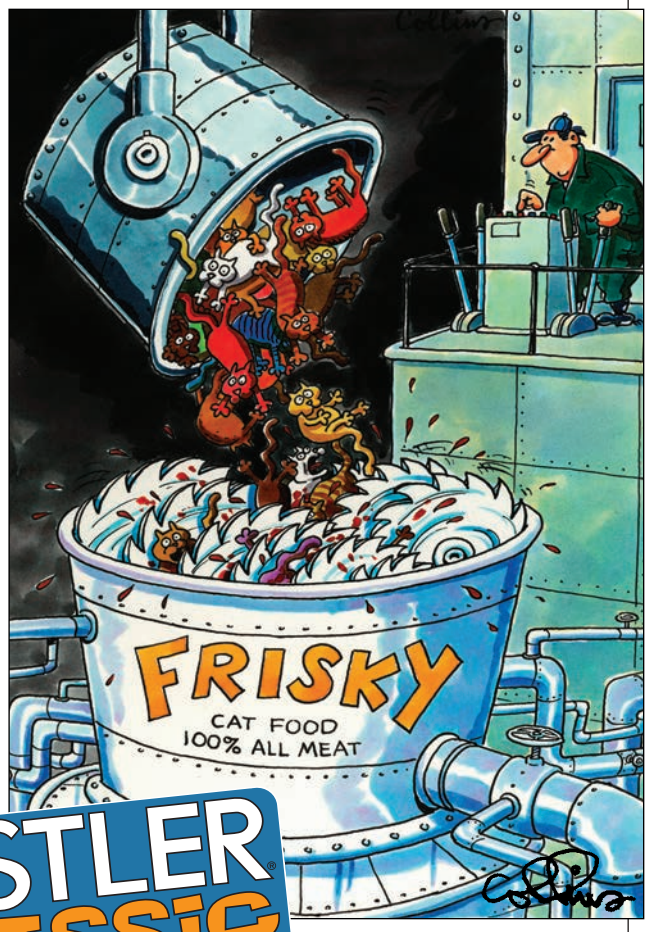
God, I hope they come back soon. I'm desperate to get fucked. — A.M.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

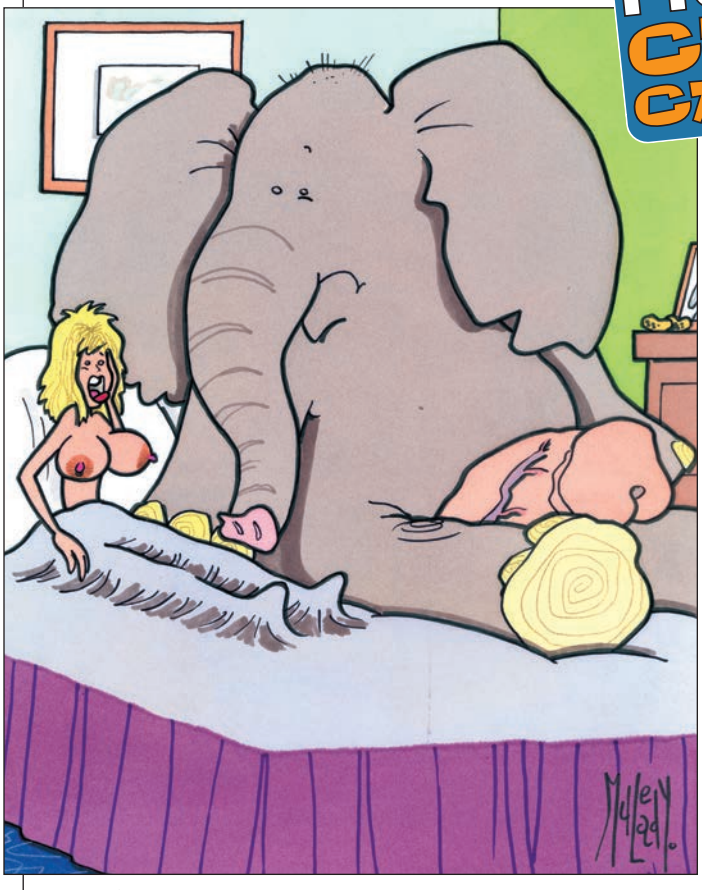
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Oh, Carlos, you're so romantic!"



HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Shit, what a nightmare! I dreamt you only had a ten-inch cock!"

"Yes, it is. It's a *very* friendly neighborhood!"

CRACKING

RECLAIMING THE

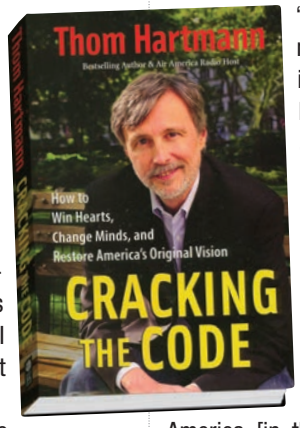
In *Cracking the Code: How to Win Hearts, Change Minds, and* host explains how the GOP uses myth and image to sell lies…

"Liberalism is trust of the people, tempered by prudence; conservatism, distrust of people, tempered by fear.
—WILLIAM GLADSTONE

The communication code is the internal structure we all use to translate language and image and experience into meaning, to convert territories into useful maps.

Every communication is part of a larger story about who We the People are. Each little story we tell ourselves is also a story about liberty, about democracy, about community. They are stories about what it means to be a citizen of the United States and what it means to be a citizen of the world. They are, ultimately, stories about what it means to be human.

What we call politics is no more and no less than that collection of stories.



THE REPUBLICANS' STORY

When Democratic strategists try to understand the people who voted for Ronald Reagan and George W. Bush, they assume that those voters were making decisions based on issues like abortion, free trade, taxes and so forth. They think that when Joan Smith says, "I am a Republican," she agrees with all the positions that Republicans take on a laundry list of issues.

In fact, if you poll the John and Joan Smiths who identify themselves as Republicans, you will find that many of them disagree with almost all of the planks of the official Republican Party platform and would aggressively agree with most of the parts of the Democratic Party's agenda.

The Republican Party is in favor of overturning *Roe* v. *Wade*, but 62% of the American people want the *Roe* v. *Wade* ruling to stand. The Republican Party is on record as believing that taxes should be lowered, but in 2006 a full 60% of Americans said that the amount of income tax they paid that year was fair. The Republican Party has denied or downplayed global warming, but 60% of Americans think that global warming is already happening, and 70% to 80% are worried about pollution of our air and water. Finally, it was the Republican Party that gave us the Iraq War, but as the 2008 elections approached, 70% of Americans disapproved of that war, and 60% wanted the United States to get out. Joan Smith, it turns out, doesn't actually care that much about the Republican platform. What she cares about is the *story* that goes along with the word *Republican*.

Being a Republican is a multimodal experience that evokes a very particular feeling. Republicans have claimed the American flag as their visual modality, their brand, their logo. The auditory modality is "Stars and Stripes Forever." The kinesthetic [feeling] modality they've imprinted on their followers is "standing tough, standing tall and pulling yourself up by your bootstraps." These modalities anchor a feeling of security, which reinforces the conservative core story that the world is a bad place and that we need a few, rare, powerful, "good" paternalistic people to protect us from it.

In 2004, Andrew Card—then President Bush's chief of staff—explained to Republican delegates from Maine how Bush understood his role in the conservative story. Card said, "It struck me as I was speaking to people in Bangor, Maine, that this President sees America [in the way] we think about a ten-year-old child." Card added, "I know as a parent I would sacrifice all for my children."

Anyone who believes the traditional American liberal story finds Card's suggestion that we should think of ourselves as children offensive. We are grown adults with rights and responsibilities and the inherent ability to make good decisions derived from our own intrinsic goodness. From the conservative point of view, however, Card's story was reassuring. Conservatives want to be protected from their own latent evil and the explicit evil of all other people. The President was offering that protection.

BOOK EXCERPT BY THOM HARTMANN

THE CODE

LIBERAL STORY

Restore America's Original Vision, the syndicated talk-show and how we can reclaim our country the same way.

This kind of example demonstrates that the conservative core story Republicans tell themselves is not just a metaphor. The conservative core story of fear and hierarchy actually defines and creates the modern Republican identity.

THE DEMOCRATS' STORY

The American flag, "Stars and Stripes Forever" and standing tall and tough were all solidly Democratic "brands" during the presidencies of FDR and JFK. When we think "Democrat" today, Americans often don't see a particular image, hear a particular sound or feel a particular emotion.

That's a real problem because the communication code is based on those modalities. It illustrates why it's so important for Democrats to reclaim the American flag and the national anthem as their logos and reclaim traditional, egalitarian American democracy as their brand.

Republicans talk a lot about the benefits of *their* brand and programs—their followers will feel safer, be more secure and have control over "their" money. Conversely, Democrats often are mired in lengthy descriptions of *features*. Most Democrats know all the features they are interested in: universal single-payer healthcare, a viable social safety net, prison and sentencing reform, a livable wage, support for unions and voting reforms, for example. But there's no explicit "benefit" statement in lists.

Republicans have learned from their allies in Big Business the importance of branding and leading with benefits. They sold everyone on the benefits of lowering taxes so "you can keep more of your money" (without telling us that they were actually going to borrow "our" money from our children and grandchildren) *before* they rolled out tax cuts for the wealthy. They sold the benefit of living in a society that "protects children" *before* rolling out deceptive legislation and PR stunts equating homosexuality with pedophilia.

Democrats have forgotten that the meaning of a communication is the response you get. They've also forgotten that to be persuasive, they must tailor their map to their audience's territory.

WE THE PEOPLE

The traditional American liberal story is the story of We the People.

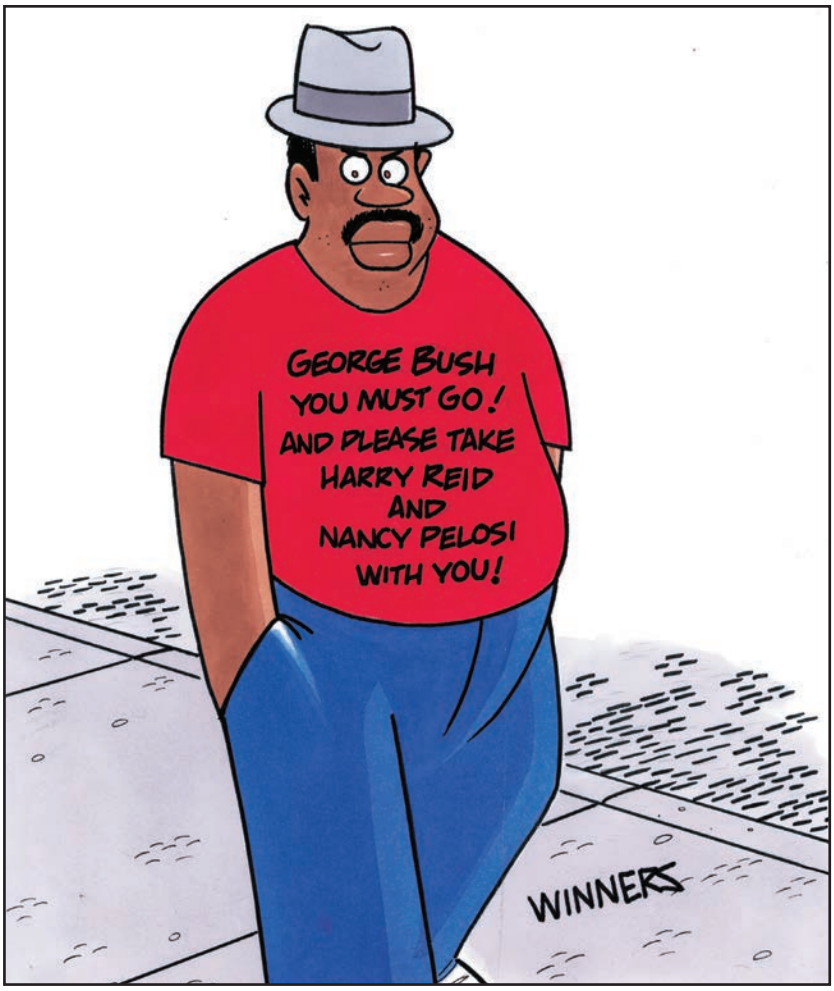
As Americans, the most important part of our social identity is our role as citizens. To be a citizen means to be part of, and a defender of, the commons of our nation. The water we drink, the air we breathe, the streets we drive on, the schools that we use, the fire departments that protect us—these are all the physical commons. And there are also the cultural commons—the stories we tell ourselves, our histories, our religions and our notions of ourselves. And there are the commons of our [electrical] power systems (in the majority of American communities), our healthcare system (stolen from us and privatized over the past 25 years; our hospitals in particular used to be mostly nonprofit or run by city or county governments) and the electronic commons of our radio and TV spectrum and the Internet.

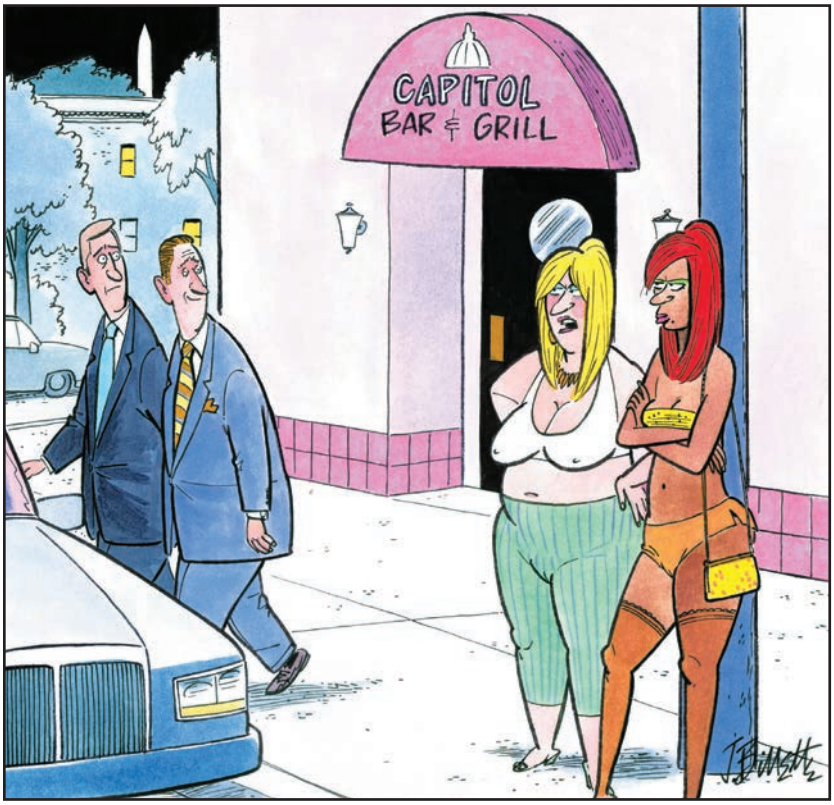
Most important for citizenship is the commons of government—the creation and the servant of We the People.

Franklin D. Roosevelt understood this commons. In his "Four Freedoms" speech, he said, "Necessitous men are not free men." Hungry people aren't free people, no matter what you want to call them. Hungry people can't be good citizens: They're too busy taking care of the hungry part of themselves to care about the citizen part.

Republicans don't want to fund FDR's social safety net because they fundamentally do not believe in the concept of We the People collectively protecting all of us in anything other than a military/police way. They don't believe that "the rabble" should run the country. They want big corporations to run the commons of our nation, and they think that the most appropriate role for citizens is that of infantilized consumers—of both commercial products and commercially produced political packaging.

This is the fundamental debate in our society today: Are we a nation of citizens, or are we a nation of consumers? Are we a democracy run by citizens, or are we a corporatocracy that holds consumers





"Our business is down because the politicians have gotten so fucking skittish! Damn that Larry Flynt!"

locked in dependency by virtue of their consumption?

Consumerism appeals to the greedy and selfish-child part of us, the infantilized part that just wants someone else to take care of us. The core message of most commercials is that "you are the most important person in the world." Commercial advertising almost never mentions "we" or "us."

What is at stake today is the very future of our democratic republic. If we accept an identity as fearful, infantilized consumers, we will be acting from our baby part and allowing corporate America and an increasingly authoritarian government to fill the role of a parent part.

The story we are told is that we should surrender all of our power to corporations and just let them govern us because a mystical but all-knowing godlike force called "the free market" will eventually solve all of our problems.

That story fits in very well with the conservatives' other story: that we are children who need to be protected from evil humans; and because corporations are amoral and not human, they are intrinsically and morally superior to evil humans.

To save democracy we must crack *that* code and bring *back* the code so well understood by the Founders of this nation: that we're a country of barn builders, of communities, of intrinsically *good* people who work together for the common good and the common wealth. We begin this process by speaking to the responsible part of us, the part that enjoys being grown up and socially responsible.

We talk a lot about the features of citizenship, like the right to vote, but we sometimes forget what the benefits are. The main benefit of citizenship is freedom—not freedom from external or internal dangers that conservatives obsess on (although that is included in the package; it's only one of the six purposes listed in the Preamble to the Constitution), but freedom to think as we want, to pray as we want, to say what we want and to live as we want to fulfill our true potential as humans. Those are the other things listed in the Preamble.

The question, ultimately, is whether our nation will continue to stand for the values on which it was founded.

Early American conservatives suggested that democracy was so ultimately weak, it couldn't withstand the assault of newspaper editors and citizens who spoke out against it, leading John Adams (our second President and our first conservative President) to pass America's first Military Commissions Act-like laws: the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798.

President Thomas Jefferson, who beat Adams in the "Revolution of 1800" election, rebuked those who wanted America ruled by an iron-handed presidency that could—as Adams had—throw people in jail without Constitutional due process for such "crimes" as speaking political opinion.

"I know, indeed," Jefferson said in his first inaugural address on March 4, 1801, "that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not *(continued on page 106)*

CHURCH OF
EVANGELICAL
CONSERVATIVES
THIS IDEOLOGY HAS
BEEN FORMATTED TO FIT
YOUR NARROW VIEWS

Seriously FEMALE

Jill Morley delves into the mind-set of bodybuilding's sexiest competitors.

COLETTE NELSON

Push 10!...push 11!...and push 12! The weights crash down on top of one another, sweat falling from the woman's forehead and dripping down her lips, chin and neck. She leans forward on a soggy towel. More beads drip down her back. Her sore muscles beg for mercy. She can feel the bands under her skin trembling.

What would drive a woman to endure two torturous hours or more at the gym, spending almost every day pushing herself beyond her limits? And excuse me, but after all that, no carbs?!

"I have never had better self-esteem, more confidence or a bigger appetite for sex!" brawny beauty Melissa Dettwiller exclaims. "I feel great all the time. It is such a compliment when a perfect stranger walks up and says, 'Wow! You look amazing! Do you have any tips on what I could do to get in shape?' I love helping people reach their goals when it comes to getting into shape and feeling better about themselves. I can't wait to share whatever I can with them."

A nonathletic kid growing up in Louisiana, Melissa might have been voted most unlikely to have a career in bodybuilding. "I have these slips in my scrapbook for not participating in gym class," she recalls. "I was pretty much the one who would rather draw or be on a computer. I'm not good at other sports, but with this one I guess I can put two feet on the ground."

AMBER STEEL

As a teenager looking for something to do after school, Melissa signed up at an exercise club. Fondly reminiscing, she adds, "My mother told me, 'Don't be lifting those heavy weights!' But that's exactly what I did!"

It was there that the then-15-year-old observed women training to compete as bodybuilders. "I was amazed at how confident and strong they looked!" she marvels. Encouraged by some of the bodybuilders to give the sport a try, Melissa entered a local competition and finished second. She definitely caught the bug.

Melissa went on to win and place in other events while supporting herself as a dancer at the HUSTLER Club in New Orleans. "Some customers would say, 'Wow! You look great.' But they didn't want to buy a dance. Others totally loved it. Or sometimes I'd get, 'Wow! You're intimidating!' I don't think I'm intimidating."

Hurricane Katrina drove Melissa out of the Big Easy, and she landed in southern Texas. Winning her weight class in the 2007 Team Universe qualified Melissa to compete in Spain, representing the U.S. in the World Championships. However, her birth certificate was locked in a safety deposit box in a flooded New Orleans bank. Without proof of her age, she couldn't compete.

Now, with birth certificate finally in hand, Melissa Dettwiller wants to go as far as she can competitively and also change public perception about female bodybuilders.

"I'd like people to know that not all of us are what the masses think we are," she declares. "By that I mean masculine, facially distorted, bearded dragons with hairy traps and voices like Barry White and James Earl Jones. This is simply not true. Sure, there are women like this in the industry who ruin the healthy, feminine image the sport originally had, but for the most part, lots of us are healthy, muscular, curvy women with sex appeal who enjoy the lifestyle of being in shape inside and out."

PHOTOS BY BRIAN MOSS/SHEMUSCLE.COM

MELISSA DETTWILLER

Back in the 1960s, "physique" competitions were more or less bikini contests. It wasn't until 1978—at the Women's National Physique Championship in Canton, Ohio—that the fairer sex was judged solely on muscularity. More competitions followed the next year, but in the 1980s the real era of female bodybuilding began.

After winning the first Ms. Olympia contest, the sexy and marketable Rachel McLish became a catalyst in women's bodybuilding. She was featured in the 1985 documentary *Pumping Iron II: The Women* and in films like *Getting Physical* and *Raven Hawk*. McLish also wrote two books on weight training that made the *New York Times* Best-Seller List. This put both McLish and the sport on the map. Her success inspired others to pump iron while promoting an image of combined strength and femininity.

In 1984, muscle mass became the star of the show. Standing 5-foot-8 and weighing 150 pounds, Cory Everson became a new force in bodybuilding. She won the National Physique Committee Nationals, then defeated the leaner McLish to take the Ms. Olympia crown. With increased muscle mass came the speculation of drug use. Bigger became better.

"Bodybuilding is not a sport," professes Amber Steel. "It's an art form in its purest sense. That's what is appealing to me. A female bodybuilder can determine what she wants to look like. Through modification, training, plastic surgery and drug use, you can achieve things you never thought you could have in your wildest dreams. There's nothing more powerful than a female bodybuilder."

Steel, a lifelong athlete who lists her occupation as "muscle goddess extraordinaire," goes on to say, "I really get off on being strong. I can take care of myself. Being admired by both men and women, it's an intoxicating mix. People don't know what to do with that. I have fun with it."

Melissa Dettwiller and Amber Steel support their bodybuilding careers with provocative Web sites that feature posters and female-muscle porn. Both agree that while they love the sport, it doesn't pay the bills. Even at the pro level, successful female competitors can only make around $10,000 a year, not enough for a lady who needs training time, healthy food, spray tans, a gym membership, hair care, supplements and perhaps a nutritionist. Luckily for Dettwiller and Steel, they have loyal muscle-fetish fans.

"When there is an element of 'This girl could really kick my ass if she wanted to,' that's a deeper element of eroticism," Steel proclaims. "They want a double thrill. A female bodybuilder can wear a bikini on her Webcam and, just flexing her muscles, make as much money as girls with their clothes off. Her *muscles* are sex. The biceps are like her boobs. Guys get off seeing her hamstrings, quads and calves. That's the fetish."

Steel points out that the women get off on being admired. It appeals to their hedonistic, exhibitionistic side. "Yeah, of course I'll take my clothes off in public," she says. "Why not? It's art."

Although Colette Nelson doesn't have a problem with muscle monomania, her significant other does. "If you could only see the dedication I have for my diet," she explains. "I cook 12 meals a day. Six for me and six for my fiancé."

Winner of 2004's Female Body Building

World Universe competition, Nelson has a master's degree in clinical nutrition from NYU. She is a registered dietitian and Web designer who choreographs other bodybuilders' routines and supplements her income doing makeup. Despite the limited sponsorships available to her, Nelson's passion is relentless. "I'm a neurotic," she admits. "I never miss a day of training. Three days after I got my breast implants, I was in the gym!"

Never much for athletics while growing up, Nelson studied dance and eventually started teaching aerobics when she was just 17. She first lifted weights at 19 while attending Michigan State University.

"I'm straight," she says, "but I have a deep appreciation for women. A woman's body is so beautiful. Yes, I love looking at male bodybuilders, but I've always liked the way a woman looks with muscle. Something clicked for me after seeing female bodybuilders in a magazine at just 12 years old. I wanted to look like that. I never wanted to look like the skinny models."

But becoming a pro is no easy feat. A hopeful has to win not only a regional contest, but also one of the national competitions, which are held just three times a year.

Says Nelson, who's been competing for 14 years, "The journey to your first show: You either love it or hate it. And if you love it, there's no going back."

After a competition, the women gain back the water weight and fat they've intentionally taken off. During the off-season a bodybuilder can add 20 to 30 pounds building muscle and not adhering to the strict diet that is required when competing.

Female bodybuilders share some common traits, like dedication and passion, as well as self-discipline and overachieving personalities. They love the attention and the admiration, but they don't appreciate getting treated like aliens by those who don't understand them.

"Why do you want to look like a man?" an ignorant observer might ask.

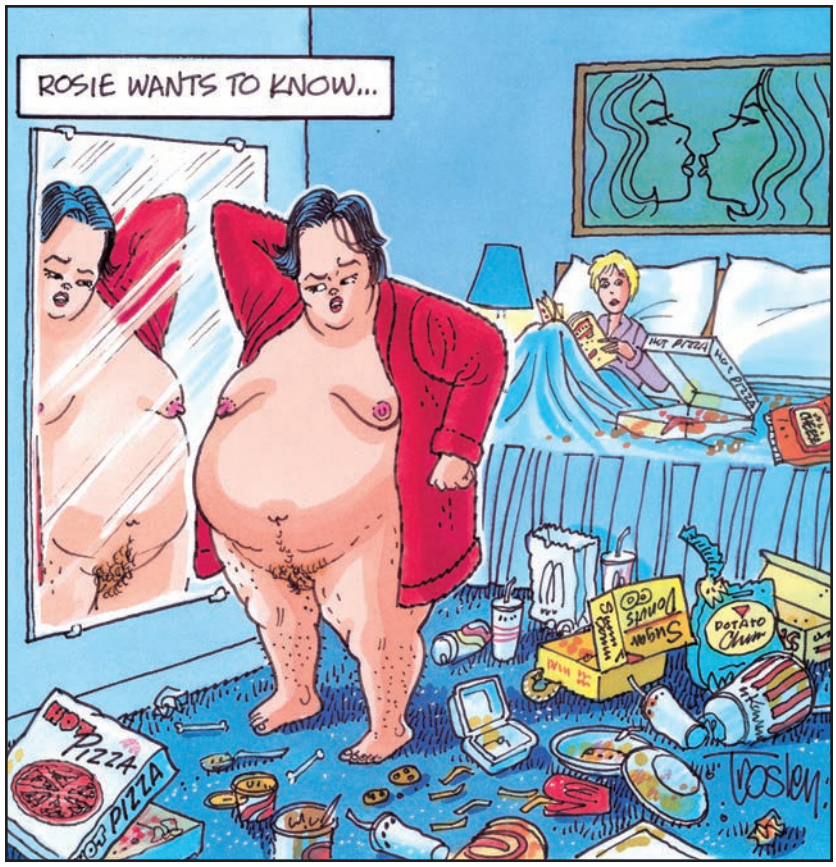
At their core, they are women. Okay, they are *really strong women* who could probably bench press two of me, but they are seriously female.

Besides contributing articles to numerous publications, New Jersey native Jill Morley directed the documentary films Stripped and Ring Girls. She has also written a play, True Confessions of a Go-Go Girl.

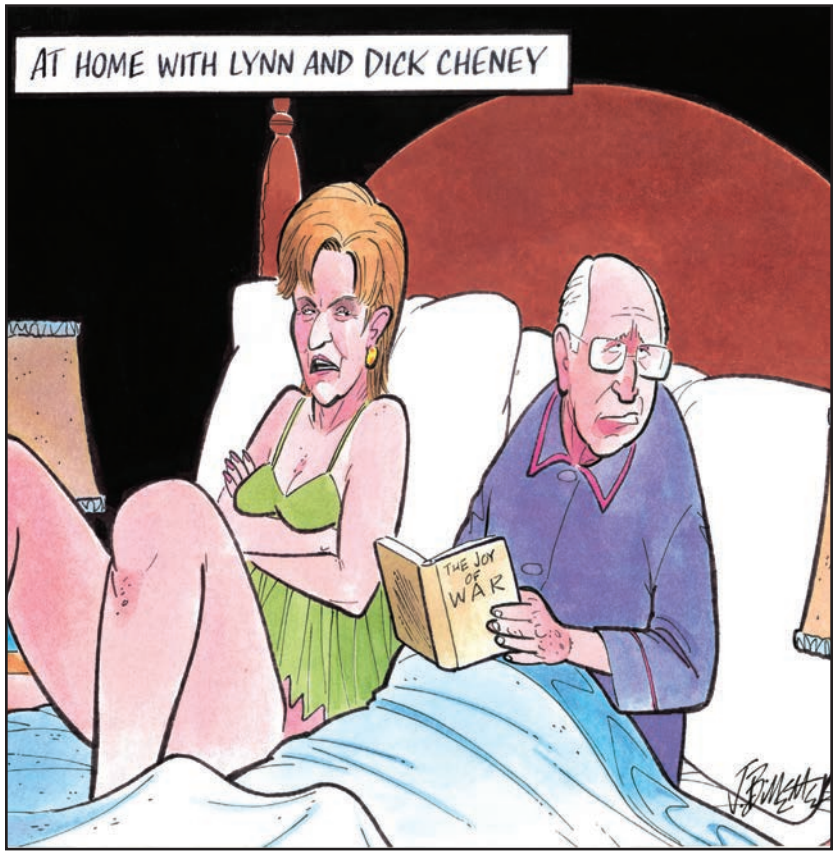
MS. MUSCLE

If Jill Morley's taste of hardbodied feminity isn't enough, have a big mouthful at:

BuffMuff.com (Amber Steel's official Web site)
MelissaDettwiller.com
ColetteNelson.com
SheMuscle.com
BrianMoss.com



"Tell me the truth. Does all the crap I drink and eat make me look fat?"



"Hell, at least our daughter likes to eat pussy!"

BEHIND THE SCENES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

JAMIE LYNN

Doggy-style drives me wild," **Jamie Lynn** fesses up. "It's just so dirty to have a guy bearing down on me like that, pulling my hair and pumping away. I always come at least three or four times when I get it from behind. The next day I love looking at my thighs and seeing some light bruises from where the dude was hanging on. That totally gets me wet all over again."

Jamie Lynn's luscious ass has us wondering if she's a true-blue backdoor babe. "I'm very picky about anal," she relates. "I'm very open to all kinds of sexual experiences, but it takes a special someone to get me hot enough to go there."

But don't think that **Jamie Lynn** spends all her free time being rammed from the rear. "I work out and try to keep my body tight," the tasty tart tells us. "I'm not crazy about it, just a little running on the treadmill and Pilates a couple of times a week. I really want to make it as a nude model. Knowing how competitive that can be, I have to stay in shape."

Catching juicy **Jamie Lynn** in a porn film sounds enticing, but the newcomer isn't in a hurry to take that next big step. "I never like to plan too far ahead," she asserts, "so we'll just have to see where things take me."

JAMIE LYNN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Newbury Park, California
AGE: 25
BIRTH SIGN: Pisces
HEIGHT: 5-8

THE BIRTH, DEATH, REBIRTH AND

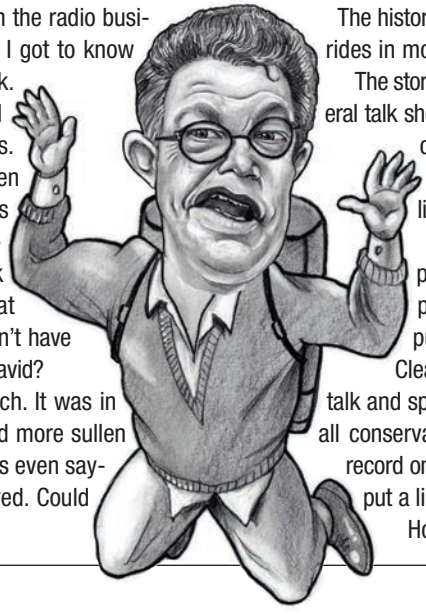
AIR AMERICA

Media insider Alex Bennett delivers his take on left-wing radio's most beleaguered network.

David Bernstein is that rare breed in the radio business, the kind of person no one speaks badly of. I got to know him when I was looking for work several years back. He was one of the many radio program directors I hit up for a job. A friendship developed between us.

David had been the program director for seven years at WOR in New York City, one of the country's top talk stations. When it let him go, we commiserated about being unemployed. I finally found work at Sirius Satellite Radio, and David ended up at foundering Air America. Those who knew him couldn't have been happier. Who better to save Air America than David?

Every month or so David and I would have lunch. It was in this setting that he sat across the table and looked more sullen than usual. I got the distinct impression, without his even saying a word, that the network's days were numbered. Could this be the end of the "great liberal hope"?



The history of Air America is one of the biggest roller-coaster rides in modern radio history.

The story begins in 2000 with the firing of one of the few liberal talk show hosts in America, Mike Malloy from WLS in Chicago. It turned out Malloy had some great fans, including Sheldon and Anita Drobny, a pair of millionaires who wanted to see him syndicated.

There was a problem though. One reason for the proliferation of conservative talk shows was the prevailing theory of "format purity," a dogma pushed by this country's largest talk radio chain, Clear Channel. Gabe Hobbs—vice-president of news, talk and sports—declared that a talk station had to be either all conservative or all progressive. "You wouldn't put a soul record on a country station," Hobbs reportedly said, "so why put a liberal talk show on a conservative talk station?"

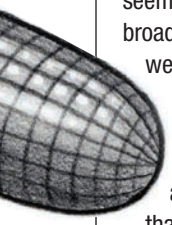
Hobbs was dead wrong about format purity. For

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK DIETZ/SKETCHYTHINGS.COM

ULTIMATE LINGERING DOOM OF

years the two points of view mixed it up on talk radio everywhere to great success. This worked in part because liberals—with their open minds—would listen to a conservative, but the reverse wasn't true. Hence, larger audiences for the Limbaughs of the world. Some suspected that Hobbs's philosophy was just an excuse to keep liberal thought off airwaves controlled by conservative companies.

The Drobnys were sold the notion of a 24/7 liberal radio format by Jon Sinton, whom they hired as CEO of the newly formed AnShell Media. Then the couple enlisted veteran programmer Dave Logan. Cash-poor, the enterprise was eventually sold to millionaire Evan Cohen, an established (or so it seemed) money-raiser, and Rex Sorenson, a broadcaster from Hawaii. Sinton and Logan went along, and Air America was born with Progress Media as its parent company. That was probably the first mistake: giving the new network the same name as an infamous CIA-owned covert airline that operated in Southeast Asia during and after the Vietnam War.



Talk radio is like no other medium. It is long form (usually three hours), ad lib, live, five days a week and audio only. The immediacy of the medium is unlike any other in show business. That's why you hire people who know how to do it. Air America, however, did not do that. It was its next big mistake.

Look at the lineup that first went on the air. The morning show was anchored by Marc Maron, a rather mediocre standup comic. (Sam Kinison so despised Maron that he peed all over the guy's bed at the Comedy Store digs in Hollywood.) Maron's only radio credential: He'd been a regular guest on my program in San Francisco for several years.

Mid-mornings featured Chuck D, a politically savvy hip-hop artist. Radio experience: zero. Teamed with him was a good comedian, Lizz Winstead, who had cocreated the *Daily Show*, leaving it just as Jon Stewart came onboard. Besides cohosting with Chuck D, Winstead was named AA's VP of entertainment programming. A nice person, but again, no radio cred.

Then there was Janeane Garofalo, an actress, comedian and activist with no radio experience. Winstead wisely teamed Garofalo with Sam Seder, who *was* a radio guy. Too bad they didn't get along.

The only broadcast veteran with a proven track record was Randi Rhodes. She was a solid performer and ratings-getter but reputedly a real problem child.

The big get, or so it seemed, was Al Franken. Yes, the guy on *Saturday Night Live* who wrote those books bashing talk show hosts. Franken was okay performing a five-minute sketch once a week or taking a year to write a book, but this was radio. He brought in producers and support people who were despised by the rest of AA's employees because they insisted on calling themselves "Team Franken." The comic was reportedly paid $2 million a year plus the cost of his staff.

Oh, yeah. There were also the ten comedy writers who wrote for all the other shows. No radio station had done that since the '40s. The seeds for disaster had been planted. All that was left was to thrust this concoction on the American liberal public.

I know of no other radio operation getting the sendoff AA did. Publicity abounded, the crown jewel being a *New York Times Magazine* cover with Franken's larger-than-life face plastered on it.

Air America launched on March 31, 2004. It leased WLIB in New York City, WNTD in Chicago, WMNN in Minneapolis, KBLA in Los Angeles and KCLA in Southern California's Inland Empire.

Just two weeks after the debut, the first glitch appeared. The Chicago and L.A. stations were paid with checks totaling a cool million that bounced. Both pulled their AA programming. AA claimed it was a mix-up. Not impressed, a judge ordered the network to pay the stations' owners $250,000. Even worse, Air America remained off the air in both cities—and it never paid the court-ordered sum.

Four weeks into this folly, AA's CEO, Mark Walsh, and programming VP Dave Logan were dumped. Five weeks in, Evan Cohen and partner Rex Sorenson were forced out. Among other things, Cohen claimed on launch that AA had raised $30 million when it had raised only $6 million. At this point a new company, Piquant LLC, was formed, headed by Rob Glaser, the mastermind behind Real Networks—the Internet-streaming people. In little more than a year Air America had changed hands three times.

The biggest AA scandal involved the Gloria Wise Boys and Girls Club of Co-Op City in the Bronx. It loaned $875,000 to Progress Media, Air America's owner at the time. This would have raised eyebrows even if the director of development for Gloria Wise hadn't been none other than the aforementioned Evan Cohen.

As a result of the exposé, the city of New York severed its association with the Boys and Girls Clubs of America. AA's new owners disclaimed any liability in the matter, but Glaser said it was only right to pay back the loan. You can imagine how this all played in the press. AA looked like crooks who'd stolen from little kids.

Things were not all doom and gloom. Out on the West Coast, VP Ed Krampf at Clear Channel (remember that right-wing company?) decided he would try the format on a moribund station in Portland, Oregon. The station zoomed to the top of the talk show market.

This inspired Clear Channel. Many of its markets had "dog signals," stations that were low power or at a bad spot on the dial. Throw AA on those stations, get the programming free while at the same time deflecting criticism about a perceived political bias. It was a win-win formula repeated in market after market.

Before long, AA was being heard on over 100 stations. Hopes were high until someone realized they weren't getting good ratings anywhere, and even Portland was going limp. The reason? Dull programming that had, with the exception of Randi Rhodes, a total lack of entertainment value.

Wait a minute! Isn't Al Franken an entertainer? Maybe, but he sure wasn't very entertaining at AA. His droning voice didn't lend itself to radio. Janeane Garofalo had similar problems: Her style didn't cut across the airwaves. Plus, there was the contentious relationship with her cohost. I'll say it again: They weren't radio people!

A year passed before what I believe was the next big mistake, the appointment of Danny Goldberg as CEO. Goldberg was a left-thinking former music business executive. What did he know about radio? Do you have

a thimble? He lasted little more than a year, just long enough to further drag down the operation with firings that imposed his taste and pissed off the staff.

Eventually, several other execs left, including Jon Sinton, who'd been with the project since the Drobny days. This was a company in turmoil.

In July 2006, Garofalo threw in the towel. Franken left in February 2007 to run for a U.S. Senate seat from Minnesota. He was replaced by liberal stalwart Thom Hartmann, who had been syndicated by AA but not on the network itself. At least he had a track record in radio.

Hartmann had been doing this sort of radio for years, the last few for Air America Syndication, but not the actual network. Thom is a very knowledgeable guy. His only problem is a somewhat professorial delivery. Not exciting radio, but smart and intelligent.

You may recall that the whole idea of a liberal network started with a desire to find a home for Mike Malloy, one of America's most outspoken left-wing commentators. Although brought into the AA fold, at the end of August 2006 he was fired among much dissent from the staff and a petition signed by 17,000 listeners. To this day no reason has been given.

On October 13, 2006, AA filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection. It owed over $20 million.

Enter Stephen L. Green, a multibillionaire real estate magnate, and his brother Mark Green, a political activist, author and lawyer who'd run for mayor of New York City in 2001. (He lost the nomination to Michael Bloomberg.) Mark, the liberal, convinced Stephen—not as liberal and the more money-minded of the two—to buy out the assets of Air America, including its already-tarnished name. In March 2007 the deal was completed. The Greens announced the beginning of Air America 2.0.

The lineup was revamped. Starting in September 2006, mornings would be filled with *The Young Turks*, hosted by Cenk Uygur, who created the program (prior to its being on AA) with Ben Mankiewicz. Ben ultimately left, going to TMZ, a gossip Web site. This was too bad for the show because Ben was the only good thing about *The Young Turks*.

The one time I worked with Uygur, I wasn't able to get a word in edgewise; he wouldn't shut up for five seconds. No wonder Ben left. No wonder the show disappeared from the AA lineup in January 2008.

One of the few who survived from the first sign-on was Randi Rhodes. She has the greatest possibility of success in syndication. She is, however, an 800-pound gorilla, throwing her weight around, forcing management to put out one fire after another.

One glaring example was a recent incident outside a New York City bar, where Randi fell to the ground, broke two teeth and bruised her face. At first it was reported that she had been assaulted while walking her dog. Then a misguided host at AA, Jon Elliot, irresponsibly speculated that the assailants had been right-wingers.

When the dust cleared, Randi had a different story: She had been in the bar, walked outside, and the next thing she knew she was on the pavement. "Maybe I was pushed," she added. With three days to flesh out the story, that was all she could come up with. Some people feel she got really shitfaced and collapsed.

Another holdover from the early days is Rachel Maddow. Rachel is supposedly a very nice, intelligent woman, a Rhodes scholar in fact. Her biggest problem, I've been told, is that she scripts most of her entire two-hour show. This is unheard of in a live medium that thrives on spontaneity. She belongs on a noncommercial, NPR-type station.

Shortly after the Green brothers took over, they hired my friend David Bernstein as programming VP. He brought in a host from WOR, the singularly named Lionel. A funny, sharp radio guy, he is probably the most commercially viable of AA's on-air personalities. There is just one problem: Lionel is a middle-of-the-road type, sometimes leaning left, sometimes right. Not exactly a good fit for Air America.

So where do you sell this bouillabaisse of a broadcast day? At its height, AA had over 100 affiliates. Today there are around 60. It's hard to get an exact count because stations are dropping AA all the time, while others are taking just the shows they want.

Under David Bernstein there was a move to get away from the 24/7 concept by selling shows individually. Randi Rhodes and Thom Hartmann are quite syndicatable. Most of AA's other programs have no syndication possibilities. Lionel might be an exception, but then again, there's that "moderate" thing that makes him hard to place.

The big fly in Air America's ointment is that,

since its inception, more liberal talk show hosts have come to the forefront. There's the politically funny Stephanie Miller, Washington insider Bill Press, conspiracy firebrand Mike Malloy (the man for whom the Drobnys created a talk network in the first place) and finally Ed Schultz, whose overbearing "How would Rush Limbaugh sound if he were a liberal?" style has garnered him a decent-sized audience, albeit smaller than he claims.

There are enough entertaining liberal programs to fill a whole day without once having to tap any of AA's syndicated shows. So who needs them?

This brings me back to my lunch with David Bernstein. While he said nothing directly, I could see by the look on his face that the end was near. There was blood in the water. I felt bad for David. While he'd entered into this with eyes open, there was always the hope he could turn the place around. But the powers-that-be resisted his ideas. Getting anything to change seemed impossible. Air America 2.0 was just a slogan. Nothing had changed but the players.

What went wrong on this strange, curious journey? Just about everything. People were put in charge who didn't know a thing about radio. People were put on the air who, for the most part, didn't know how to work the medium. The few who did were shunted into the background. And the people running the finances couldn't be trusted.

The worst mistake was taking the whole thing too seriously. AA's brain trust had lofty, high-minded ideals, when all they should have cared about was putting on great, entertaining programming that they could have been proud of.

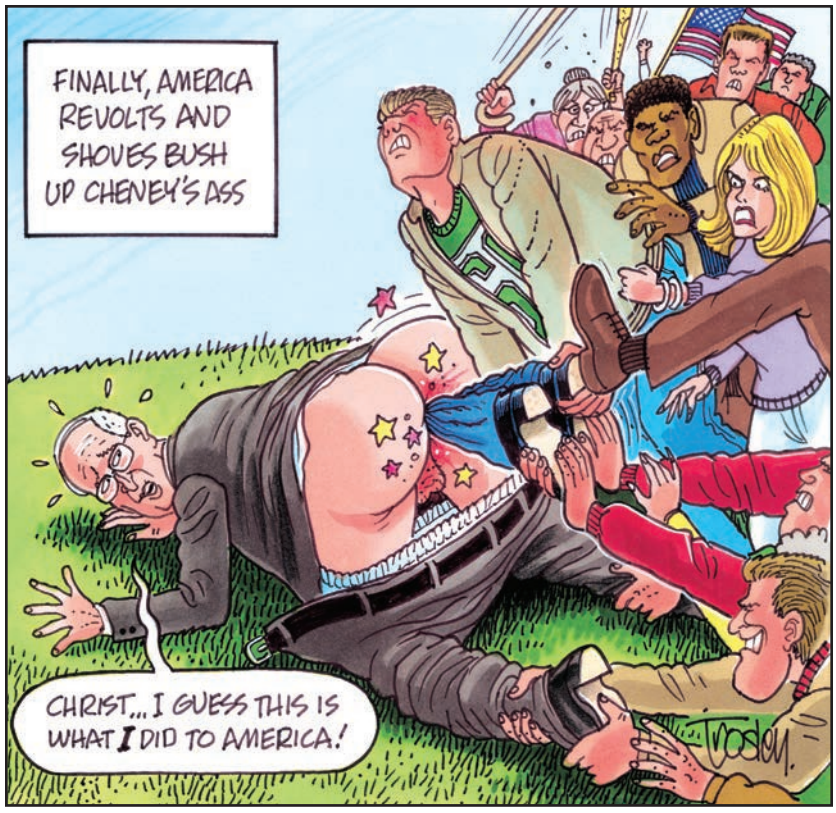
What pisses me off about the whole misadventure is that everyone in the radio business was looking and waiting for Air America to fail. When that happened, it became more difficult for people like myself—a left-wing talker—to prove that liberal talk can work. Everyone just points to the failure of AA.

AA also let down the liberal audience expecting a radio messiah to lead them out of the neocon desert. These people were thirsty, and all they got was salt.

It turned out that my friend was wrong. Instead of pulling the plug altogether, Air America axed David, citing cutbacks. This from the network that once paid Al Franken a reputed $2 million a year.

When word of David's dismissal hit, the always-rumor-prone talk on the street was that AA had only a couple of months left at best. But that sort of rumor has been a constant in AA's history. It could be that by the time you read this, Air America may already be gone. If it is still on the air, then somebody please put a bullet in its head to end the suffering!

Alex Bennett, a two-time Emmy winner who has been in broadcasting since age 14, currently calls Sirius Left Channel 146 his radio home.



"You gotta take the safety off, loser!"

SCREEN NAME:

Ruby Day

AGE: 29

STATUS: Swinger

LOCATION: Austin, Texas

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 560

URL: MySpace.com/RubyDay

"I have a big problem," Ruby Day readily admits. "I just can't seem to keep my clothes on!" And we have no problem showcasing the 5-foot-7 exhibitionist, whose introduction to modeling was supposed to have been an uneventful topless shoot for a local adult mag.

"I just wanted to be free of any constrictions," Ruby recalls, "so I looked up at the photographer and asked, 'Hey, do you mind if I take my panties off too?'" The shutterbug was all for it, and the rest is history. "I found myself instantaneously dripping wet between my thighs," Ruby exults. "From then on, I've wanted to be extremely sexual in front of an audience!"

Originally from Kansas City, Missouri, Ruby headed to Texas six years ago on a lark. Before long the self-described "aggressive nymphomaniac" embraced the swinger's lifestyle. "I've always been chasing the boys," she acknowledges, "instead of the boys chasing me. I'm just not a monogamous person, even when I have a special guy in my life."

One of Ruby's biggest turn-ons is her dominatrix mode. "I've built up a following of submissives," she tells us. "Most of them are women, and they come by for kinky get-togethers. I do flogging and attach restraints, blindfolds, nipple clamps, pussy clamps, all of it."

Also an accomplished concert cellist, Ruby plans to pursue a Ph.D. and become a teacher and counselor in the field of sexual psychology. But for now the soon-to-be XXX starlet gets off baring her body and soul at **RubysDiary.com**, where members will find everything from erotic ramblings to fuck videos featuring the ravenous redhead herself.

Whether at MySpace or her hardcore Web site, Ruby Day is a great way to spend time online.

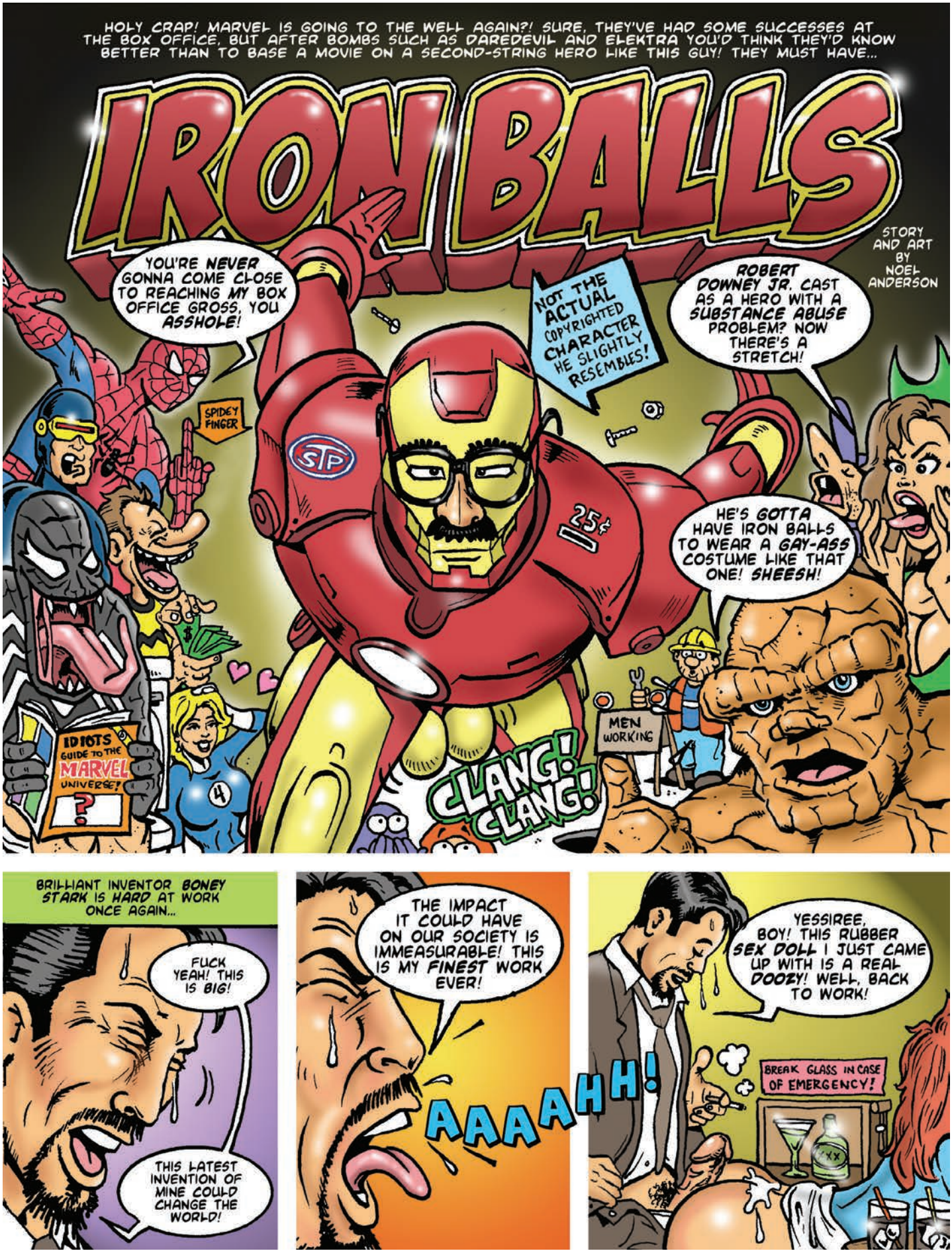
THE GIRLS OF MY SP

BY JOSH STEICHMANN

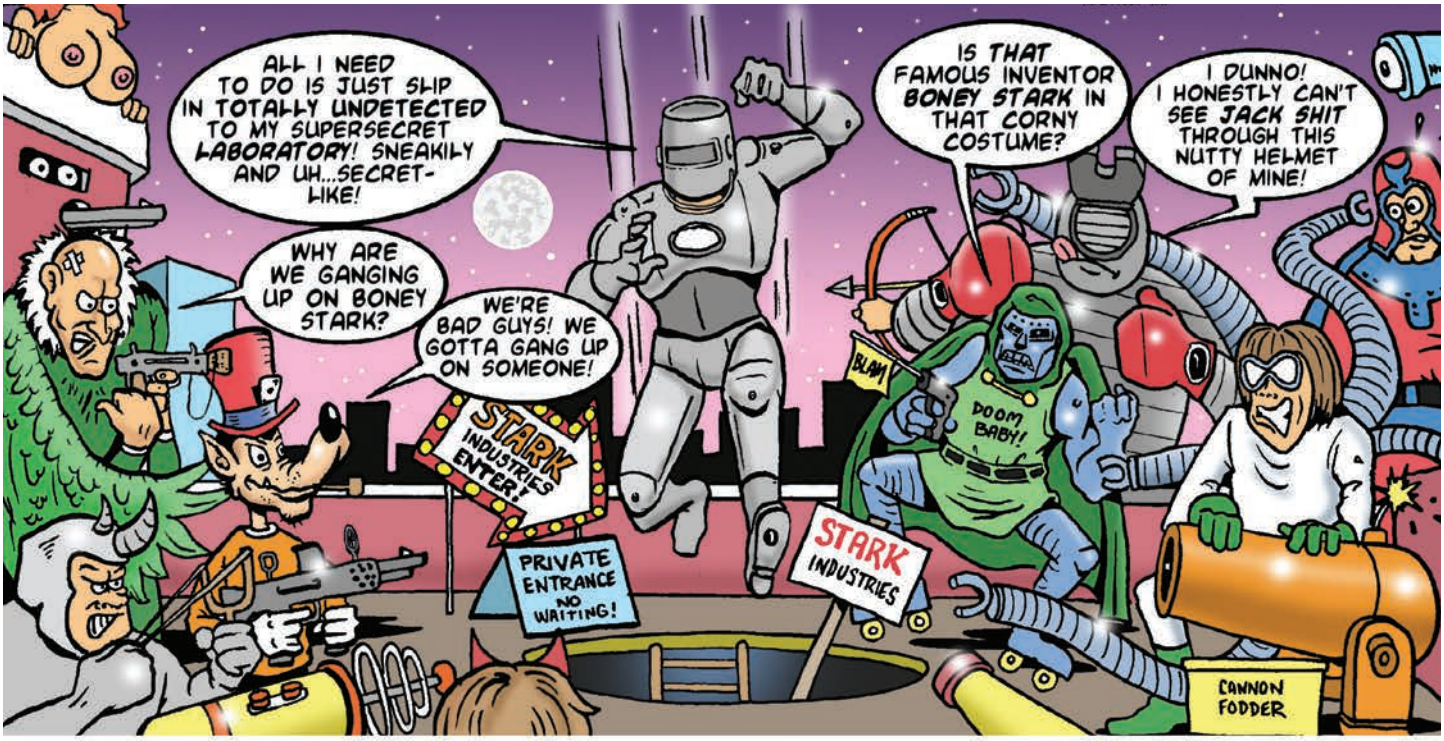
PHOTOS BY DAMIEN ALVIE

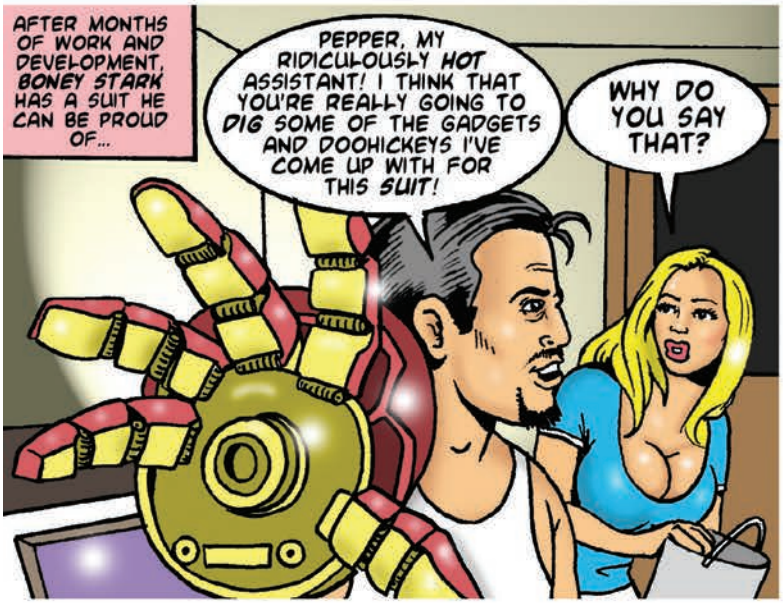
PACE #17: RUBY DAY

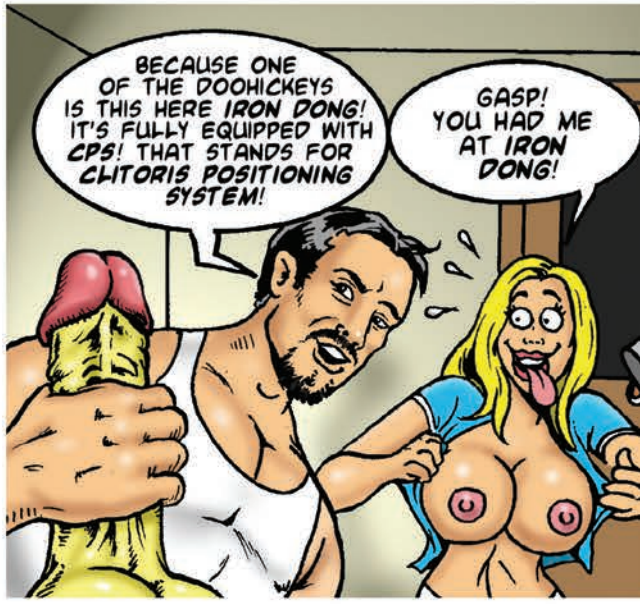
OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

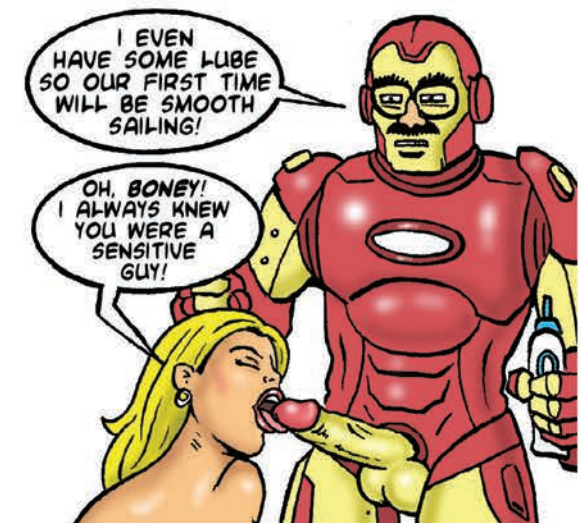

HOLY CRAP! MARVEL IS GOING TO THE WELL AGAIN?! SURE, THEY'VE HAD SOME SUCCESSES AT THE BOX OFFICE, BUT AFTER BOMBS SUCH AS DAREDEVIL AND ELEKTRA YOU'D THINK THEY'D KNOW BETTER THAN TO BASE A MOVIE ON A SECOND-STRING HERO LIKE THIS GUY! THEY MUST HAVE...
IRON BALLS
STORY AND ART BY NOEL ANDERSON
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA COME CLOSE TO REACHING MY BOX OFFICE GROSS, YOU ASSHOLE!
SPIDEY FINGER
NOT THE ACTUAL COPYRIGHTED CHARACTER HE SLIGHTLY RESEMBLES!
ROBERT DOWNEY JR. CAST AS A HERO WITH A SUBSTANCE ABUSE PROBLEM? NOW THERE'S A STRETCH!
HE'S GOTTA HAVE IRON BALLS TO WEAR A GAY-ASS COSTUME LIKE THAT ONE! SHEESH!
IDIOTS GUIDE TO THE MARVEL UNIVERSE
MEN WORKING
CLANG! CLANG!
BRILLIANT INVENTOR BONEY STARK IS HARD AT WORK ONCE AGAIN...
FUCK YEAH! THIS IS BIG!
THIS LATEST INVENTION OF MINE COULD CHANGE THE WORLD!
THE IMPACT IT COULD HAVE ON OUR SOCIETY IS IMMEASURABLE! THIS IS MY FINEST WORK EVER!
AAAAHH!
YESSIREE, BOY! THIS RUBBER SEX DOLL I JUST CAME UP WITH IS A REAL DOOZY! WELL, BACK TO WORK!
BREAK GLASS IN CASE OF EMERGENCY!

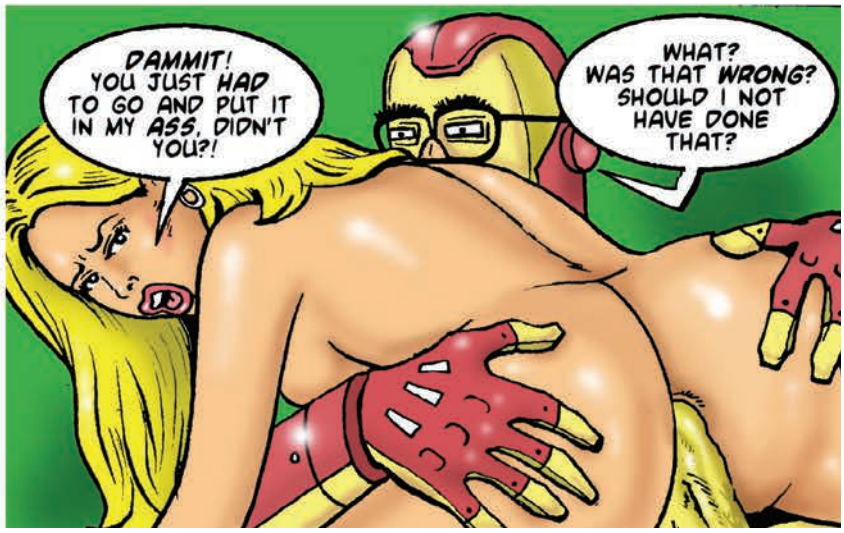
BUT BONEY STARK IS NOT WORKING OF HIS OWN FREE WILL! HE'S BEING HELD CAPTIVE AND FORCED TO WORK ON A SUPERWEAPON FOR A SUPER-DOUCHEBAG...
WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON IN THERE, MR. STARK? IT BETTER NOT BE ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE BLOW-UP SEX DOLLS!
IRON BARS
ERK! NO, I WAS JUST WASHING MY HANDS!
GIVE A BOOK TO A SERVICE MAN
WILL I BE IMPRESSED BY THE PROGRESS YOU'VE MADE, MR. STARK?
AND HOW! YESSIREE, YOU'LL BE IMPRESSED BY WHAT I HAVE COME UP WITH!
FOR WHAT I'VE COME UP WITH IS...
DO NOT DISTURB
DOGGY DOOR
WIPE FEET
A BIG FUCKING IRON SUIT WITH A FLAMETHROWER! AND THESE HERE IRON BOOTS THAT WILL LEAVE A BIG IMPRESSION ON YER FACE!
OUCHIES!
POW!
YOU KNOW, I PROBABLY SHOULD BE MORE ANGRY THAN I AM...BUT HOLY FUCK! THAT WAS SOME COOL SHIT!
AT THAT MOMENT, BONEY STARK HAD A REVELATION...
I NOW KNOW WHAT I MUST DO WITH THE REST OF MY LIFE!
I MUST FACE MY DEMONS AND USE MY CREATIVE SKILLS TO FIGHT THE FORCES OF EVIL! I SHALL BECOME A SUPERHERO!
GREAT! LIKE THERE AREN'T ENOUGH OF US AROUND AS IT IS!
OH NO! DON'T SAY IT!
COULD YOU MAKE ME ONE OF THOSE RUBBER FUCK DOLLS?
THIS END UP
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, STARK! ONE MOVE AND YOU'LL BE DEFUNCT...JUST LIKE STEVEN SEAGAL'S ACTING CAREER!
HAVE YOU SEEN HALF PAST DEAD? SHEESH!
BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM BLAM
I GOTTA GET BACK TO MY LAB AND UPDATE THIS SUIT! I LOOK LIKE A REJECT FROM ROCKY JONES: SPACE RANGER! I JUST NEED TO SNEAK INTO MY SECRET LAB UNDETECTED!


ALL I NEED TO DO IS JUST SLIP IN TOTALLY UNDETECTED TO MY SUPERSECRET LABORATORY! SNEAKILY AND UH...SECRET-LIKE!
WHY ARE WE GANGING UP ON BONEY STARK?
WE'RE BAD GUYS! WE GOTTA GANG UP ON SOMEONE!
STARK INDUSTRIES ENTER!
PRIVATE ENTRANCE NO WAITING!
IS THAT FAMOUS INVENTOR BONEY STARK IN THAT CORNY COSTUME?
I DUNNO! I HONESTLY CAN'T SEE JACK SHIT THROUGH THIS NUTTY HELMET OF MINE!
BLAM
DOOM BABY!
STARK INDUSTRIES
CANNON FODDER


AFTER MONTHS OF WORK AND DEVELOPMENT, BONEY STARK HAS A SUIT HE CAN BE PROUD OF...
PEPPER, MY RIDICULOUSLY HOT ASSISTANT! I THINK THAT YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO DIG SOME OF THE GADGETS AND DOOHICKEYS I'VE COME UP WITH FOR THIS SUIT!
WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?


BECAUSE ONE OF THE DOOHICKEYS IS THIS HERE IRON DONG! IT'S FULLY EQUIPPED WITH CPS! THAT STANDS FOR CLITORIS POSITIONING SYSTEM!
GASP! YOU HAD ME AT IRON DONG!

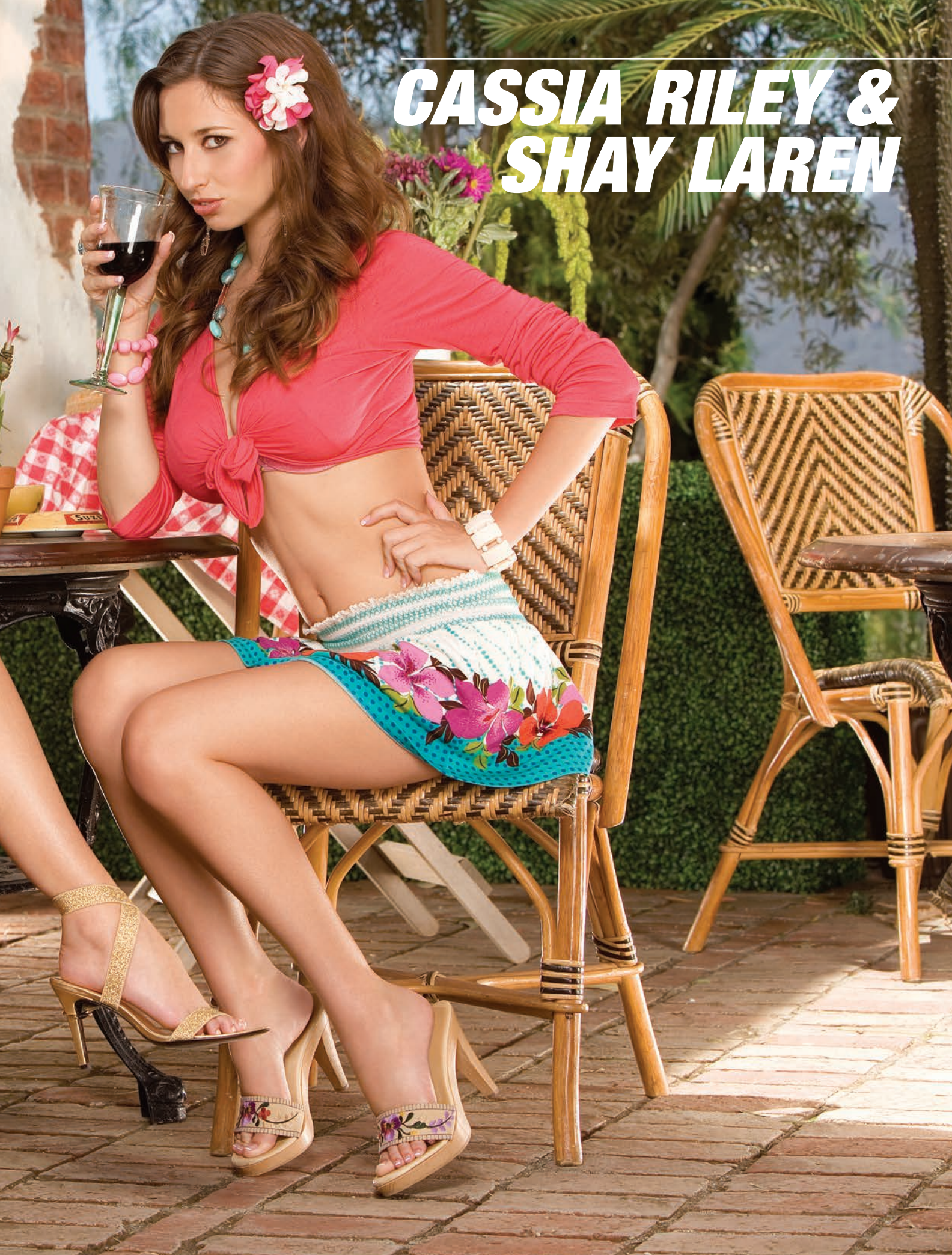

I EVEN HAVE SOME LUBE SO OUR FIRST TIME WILL BE SMOOTH SAILING!
OH, BONEY! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A SENSITIVE GUY!


DAMMIT! YOU JUST HAD TO GO AND PUT IT IN MY ASS, DIDN'T YOU?!
WHAT? WAS THAT WRONG? SHOULD I NOT HAVE DONE THAT?

SUDDENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE...
MAKE WAY FOR THE MEDIA, CHUMPS!
GOT A LITTLE TIME FOR THE PAPARAZZI, MR. STARK?
PRESS
LABORATORY!
NOW THAT YOU'VE BECOME IRONBALLS, WHY ARE YOU WASTING YOUR TIME BANGING THIS FLOOZIE INSTEAD OF PURSUING YOUR GREATER PURPOSE?
SLAM!
JESUS! DOESN'T ANYBODY FUCKING KNOCK ANYMORE?
FLOOZIE? I PREFER THE TERM WOMAN OF QUESTIONABLE VIRTUE!
NO PARKING OR YOU WILL BE FINED
IRON SIDES WUZ HERE!
YOU GUYS HAVE GOT ABOUT AS MUCH SUBTLETY AS A JUDD APATOW COMEDY! SO WHAT IS MY GREATER PURPOSE ANYWAY? NO, WAIT! LET ME GUESS!
RECYCLED
IS IT FLYING AWAY FROM SCREAMING MISSILES LIKE I DID IN THE WAY-AWESOME TRAILER FOR THIS MOTION PICTURE?
NOPE!
HIC!
SPIN
RINSE
WASH
I QUIT!
IS IT PUNCHING OUT THE BAD GUYS LIKE SO MANY OTHER MOTION PICTURE HEROES BEFORE ME?
NOPE!
NICE!
KRANG
IS IT STRENGTHENING THE MORAL FIBER OF AMERICA'S YOUTH CULTURE?
NOPE!
ALL RIGHT, ALREADY! I GIVE UP! WHAT IS MY GREATER PURPOSE?
TO QUICKLY SIGN YOUR FRANCHISE CONTRACT WITH THE STUDIO FOR MULTIPLE SEQUELS BEFORE THE BIGWIGS SEE HOW BAD THIS TURKEY BOMBS AT THE BOX OFFICE!
YOU AIN'T WHISTLING THROUGH YOUR ASSHOLE, JACK! TOBEY MAGUIRE, I AIN'T!
EXCELSIOR!
PRESS
CONTRACT
STAN
END

ALL YOU CAN EAT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL



CASSIA RILEY & SHAY LAREN

Curvaceous Cassandra Fontenot (**Cassia Riley**) is known around Hollywood for running a four-star bistro and seducing whomever catches her fancy. New in town, Lori (**Shay Laren**) is eager to be hired as a hostess at the trendy eatery. When the two beauties meet for a face-to-face interview, lesbo lust is added to the menu.

"What makes you think you're qualified to fill this position?" asks haughty Cassandra (the vamp in the blue dress).

"Well," the nervous job seeker stammers, "I'm willing to work really hard, and I'm good with people."

The boss lady inquires, "Just *how* good, sweetheart?"

Lori quickly replies, "Let me show you!"

Soon the leggy damsels are taste-testing each other's delicious slits while swapping spit samples. As the temperature rises hotter than a double oven, Lori shows that she's anything but shy by driving her fingers in and out of Cassandra's dripping-wet entrée. "Your pussy is *so-o-o-o* appetizing," the more-than-qualified applicant coos.

By the time the nymphos cater to everything on the menu, Cassandra yells out, “You’re hired!” while climaxing again and again.

ANNIE AMPLE

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

REMEMBERING A LEGENDARY '80S BOMBSHELL

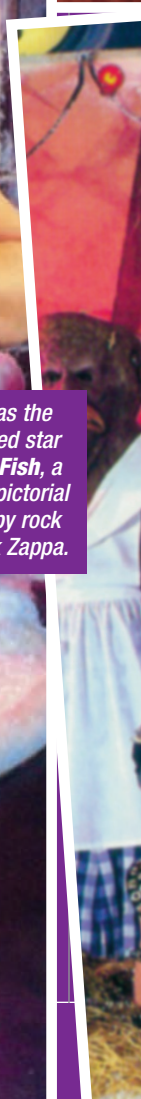
Annie Ample (1960-2008) was a nude model, stripper, ballpark flasher, author and rock singer. For more than 20 years her 42-24-36 figure filled the pages of not only HUSTLER, but also such mags as *Mayfair*, *Velvet*, *Gent*, *Adult Cinema Review* and *High Society*.

For Frank Zappa's notorious, psychedelic HUSTLER pictorial, the rock legend specifically asked for Annie Ample. The musical genius's whacked-out sex-and-humor feature "Thing-Fish" appeared in our April '84 issue.

Whether her hair was fire engine red, platinum blond or black as a raven's wing, Annie never failed to make an impression on people—particularly men—in the short 48 years she was here. At one time her breasts were insured for a whopping million dollars. She spent much of her professional life touring the country as a headline stripper before settling in Las Vegas. Unfortunately, her onscreen movie appearances were few and far between, notably *Electric Blue* (1982) and *Delta Pi* a/k/a *Mugsy's Girls* (1985).

Annie lost a 15-year battle with multiple sclerosis this past New Year's Day. In lieu of cards or flowers, her husband, Marshall Fox, asks Annie's fans to send donations to the Colorado chapter of the Multiple Sclerosis Society (700 Broadway, Suite 808, Denver, CO 80203) or through its Web site, **NationalMSsociety.org**.

*Annie was the handpicked star of **Thing-Fish**, a HUSTLER pictorial directed by rock icon Frank Zappa.*



GLAMOUR PHOTOS COURTESY MARSHALL FOX

BY TED NEWSOM

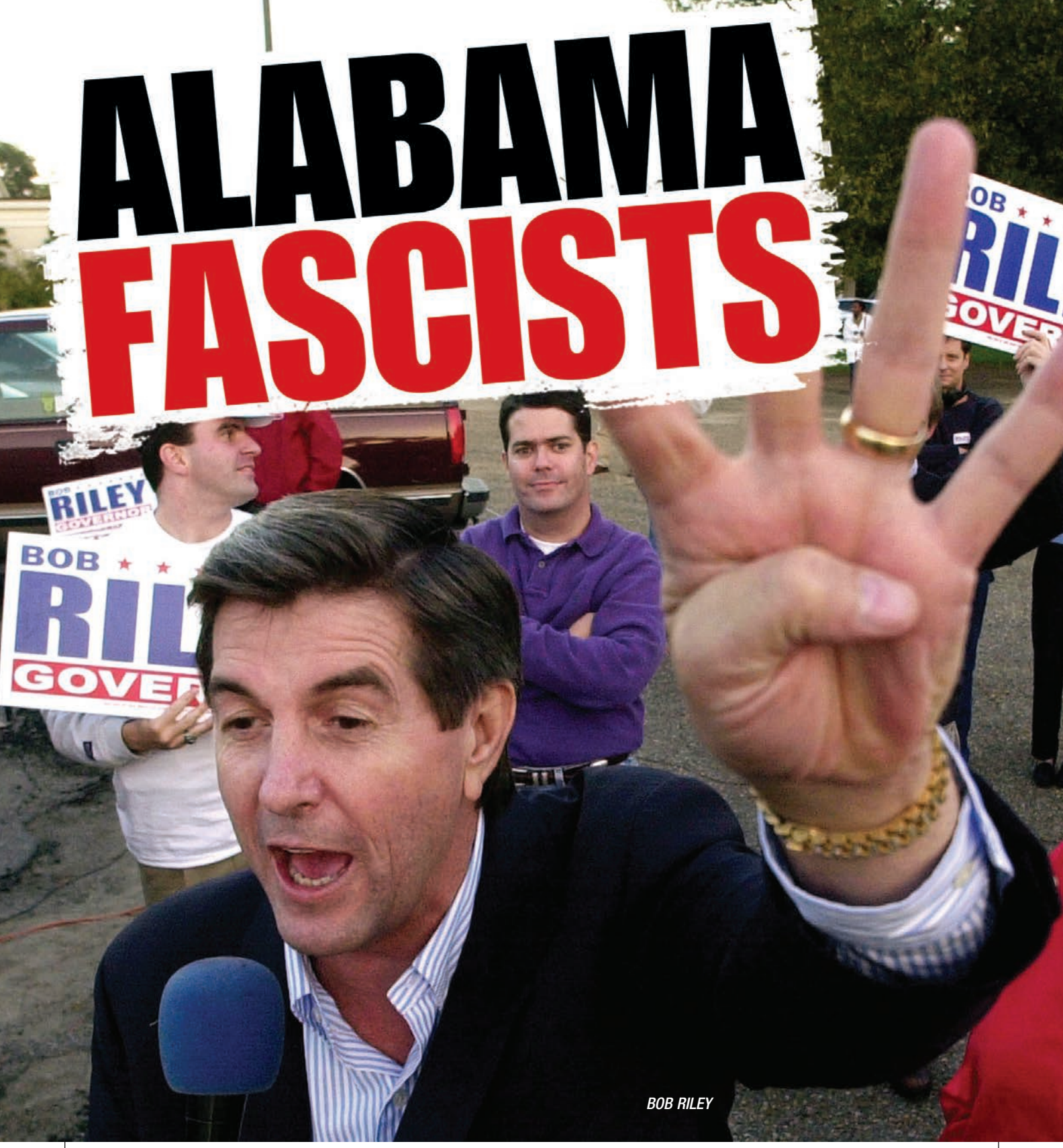
VAMPIRA R.I.P.

In her prime, wasp-waisted Maila Nurmi (1921-2008) was the ultimate cult figure, the archetypal black widow who set the style for three generations of goth girls. Nurmi became a national rage in 1954 when she hosted TV broadcasts of creaky monster movies as "Vampira," for which the natural blonde donned three-inch nails, a black wig and a dominatrix-style clingy gown. She peppered commercial breaks with eye-popping cleavage and suggestive one-liners. (She sued when her image and schtick were "borrowed" by Cassandra Peterson's Elvira years later.)

Although the show lasted only a year, the Finnish-born ex-model became a horror icon, especially after her appearance in the so-bad-it's-great camp sci-fi flick *Plan 9 From Outer Space* in 1959. A favorite of L.A. beatniks of the era, Nurmi hung around with the likes of James Dean. In later years she branched into painting and fine art. Tim Burton's then-girlfriend Lisa Marie played Vampira in the 1994 film *Ed Wood*, which glamorized the era of "no-budget" cinema. Maila Nurmi herself was typically sardonic about her fellow B-movie regulars: "We were all bottom-feeders."

PHOTO COURTESY MORE IN THE ATTIC

ALABAMA FASCISTS



BOB RILEY

For most Americans, the very concept of political prisoners is remote and exotic, a practice that is associated with Third World dictatorships but is foreign to the American tradition. The idea that a prominent politician, a former state governor no less, could be tried on charges that many observers consider to be trumped up, convicted in a trial that involved numerous questionable procedures and then hauled off to prison in shackles immediately upon sentencing would be almost unbelievable.

But there is such a politician: Democrat Don Siegelman, Alabama's governor from 1999 to 2003. Starting just a few weeks after taking office, Siegelman was targeted by an investigation launched by his political opponents and escalated from the state to the federal level by Bush Administration appointees in 2001.

Siegelman was ultimately charged with 32 counts of bribery and other crimes in 2005, just as he began to attempt a political comeback. He was convicted the following year on seven of those charges. Last summer, Siegelman was sentenced to seven years in prison and

Investigative reporters Larisa Alexandrovna and Muriel Kane chronicle how a gang of Republican operatives railroaded a governor into prison.

immediately whisked off to a series of out-of-state jails, not even being allowed to remain free on bond while his appeal was underway.

Shortly before the sentencing, however, suspicions expressed by Alabama observers that there was something "fishy" about the case—as Scott Horton of *Harper's Magazine* would later put it—began to reach the national stage. What initially appeared to be merely a whiff of possible political corruption became something stronger, with allegations that Karl Rove and the Bush Justice Department had been operating behind the scenes. And yet, despite these suspicions and the attempts of a few journalists to bring them to greater notice, Siegelman's case remains virtually unknown to most of America.

This investigation illuminates an incestuous pool of corruption in Alabama, with government officials, lobbyists, attorneys and even judges behaving in ways that breach the public trust.

DON SIEGELMAN, POLITICAL PRISONER: Governor Don Siegelman was a popular Democratic politician in a largely Republican state and was the only person to ever hold all of its highest posts. He served as attorney general, secretary of state, lieutenant governor and finally governor.

On Election Day in November 2002, when the polls had closed and the votes were being counted, it seemed increasingly apparent that Governor Siegelman had been victorious in his reelection bid against Republican challenger Bob Riley. But then, just as in the infamous Florida election of 2000, something strange happened during the tallying of the votes.

As CNN reported at the time, there appeared to be conflicting figures for one particular Alabama county. "The confusion stems from two sets of numbers reported by one heavily Republican district," the network stated.

"Figures originally reported by Baldwin County showed Siegelman got about 19,000 votes there, making him the state's winner by about two-tenths of 1%," CNN's reporter added. "But hours after polls closed, Baldwin County officials said the first number was wrong, and Siegelman had received just less than 13,000. Those figures would make Riley the statewide winner by about 3,000 votes."

During a news conference at the time, Siegelman announced, "Sometime after midnight, after the poll-watchers were sent home, a small group there decided to recount the votes a third time. No watchers legally entitled to be present were notified, and then a different total was established."

The following morning Alabama saw a new governor declaring victory in the election. But the story didn't end there. It was only the beginning of a scenario that would turn the politics of dirty tricks into something far more sinister.

Riley's electoral victory rested on a razor-thin margin of 3,120 votes. According to official reports, Baldwin County conducted a recount sometime in the middle of the night on November 6, when the only county officers and election supervisors present were Republicans. It was during this second recount that the shift in votes from Siegelman to Riley appeared. Although various computer "glitches" and technical anomalies occurred across the state, it is widely acknowledged that the Baldwin County recount is what decisively delivered needed votes to the Riley camp.

State and county Democrats quickly requested another Baldwin County recount with Democratic observers present, as well as a statewide recount. But before the Baldwin County Democratic Party canvassing board could act, Alabama's Republican Attorney General William Pryor Jr. had the ballots sealed.

DON SIEGELMAN

Unless Siegelman filed an election contest in the courts, Pryor said, county canvassing boards throughout the state did not have the authority "to break the seals on ballots and machines under section 17-9-31" of the Alabama Constitution.

But at the same time, other more embarrassing questions involving the Riley camp and GOP officials appeared to have fallen off the radar.

EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS: This investigation shows that as early as 1998, when Siegelman was first elected governor, Alabama corporate interests already saw him as a looming threat. These interests were aligned with GOP operatives who would emerge again during the 2002 election cycle. One of those was William "Bill" Canary, who worked behind the scenes long before he became a Bob Riley campaign adviser in 2002. In 1994, Canary—whose focus at the time was on defeating Democratic judges in Alabama—brought in outside help in the form of yet another GOP operative by the name of Karl Rove.

At that time, Rove had been active in Republican political campaigns for more than 15 years and had recently been hired as an adviser to George W. Bush's campaign for governor of Texas. A wider public would learn of Rove only six years later, when he was tapped as Bush's White House deputy chief of staff after the 2000 election. Rove's name would then appear in almost every scandal involving the Bush White House, the most infamous of which involved revealing the name of a covert CIA officer as political retribution for her husband's refusal to endorse bogus intelligence leading up to the Iraq War.

Rove and Canary managed Attorney General William Pryor Jr.'s 1998 reelection campaign. It was Pryor who would later seal the Baldwin County ballots in the 2002 governor's race, ensuring the victory of a candidate who had been advised by his own former campaign manager, Bill Canary. All three men—Rove, Canary and Pryor—are also known to have a close political and social relationship. In addition, then-Lieutenant Governor Siegelman appears to have made an enemy of Pryor as early as 1997, when he criticized Pryor's close relationship with the tobacco industry.

After Pryor was reelected as Alabama attorney general in 1998, he almost immediately began the investigation into Siegelman, which would eventually lead to the Democrat's conviction and imprisonment nearly a decade later.

Pryor's history and relationship with Canary and Rove should have been reason enough for the Alabama attorney general to recuse himself from the November 2002 election controversy. But Pryor refused. The following April he was nominated by George W. Bush to serve as a federal judge on the Eleventh Circuit Court. He was eventually installed by a recess appointment, overriding the objections of Senate Democrats.

It would take a Riley campaign attorney, longtime Alabama Republican Dana Jill Simpson, to finally blow the whistle on her party's governor. In a 2007 affidavit and sworn testimony, Simpson stated unequivocally that dirty tricks had sealed her boss's victory in the 2002 election, and she named Karl Rove and the U.S. Department of Justice as conspirators in the case.

Simpson had worked for the Riley campaign in 2002 as an opposition researcher, digging up dirt on then-Governor Siegelman. According to Simpson's affidavit, Siegelman was pressured to concede the 2002 election because the Riley camp threatened to make public a set of photographs of a Siegelman supporter planting Riley campaign signs at a Ku Klux Klan rally. Simpson also stated that Canary had indicated that "Karl"—by which she had no doubt he meant Karl Rove—had taken a personal interest in the matter.

Simpson had been communicating with Siegelman's attorneys before releasing her affidavit, and during that period her house was burned down and her car was run off the road.

Expanding on her original allegations, Simpson testified on September 14, 2007, before lawyers for the House Judiciary Committee and dropped a bombshell revelation. In this additional testimony, Simpson described a conference call among Bill Canary, Governor Riley's son Rob and other Riley campaign aides, which she said took place on November 18, 2002, the same day Don Siegelman conceded the election. Simpson alleged that Canary had said that "Rove had spoken with the Department of Justice" about "pursuing" Siegelman and had also advised Riley's staff "not to worry about Don Siegelman" because "his girls would take care of" the governor.

The "girls" allegedly referenced by Bill Canary were his wife, Leura Canary, who was appointed by George W. Bush in 2001 as U.S. Attorney for the Middle District of Alabama, and Alice Martin, another 2001 Bush appointee as U.S. Attorney for the Northern District of Alabama. Simpson added that she was told by Rob Riley that Judge Mark Fuller was deliberately chosen when the Siegelman case was prosecuted in 2005 and that Fuller would "hang" Siegelman.

THE CANARY "GIRLS," THE JUDGE AND THE JURY: Siegelman case-watchers have alleged that the Canary "girls" would be instrumental in "taking care" of the governor by fixing the facts around his indictment. Yet it remains unclear what charges, if any, Siegelman was actually guilty of because the process had become so politicized and the case so aggressively partisan.

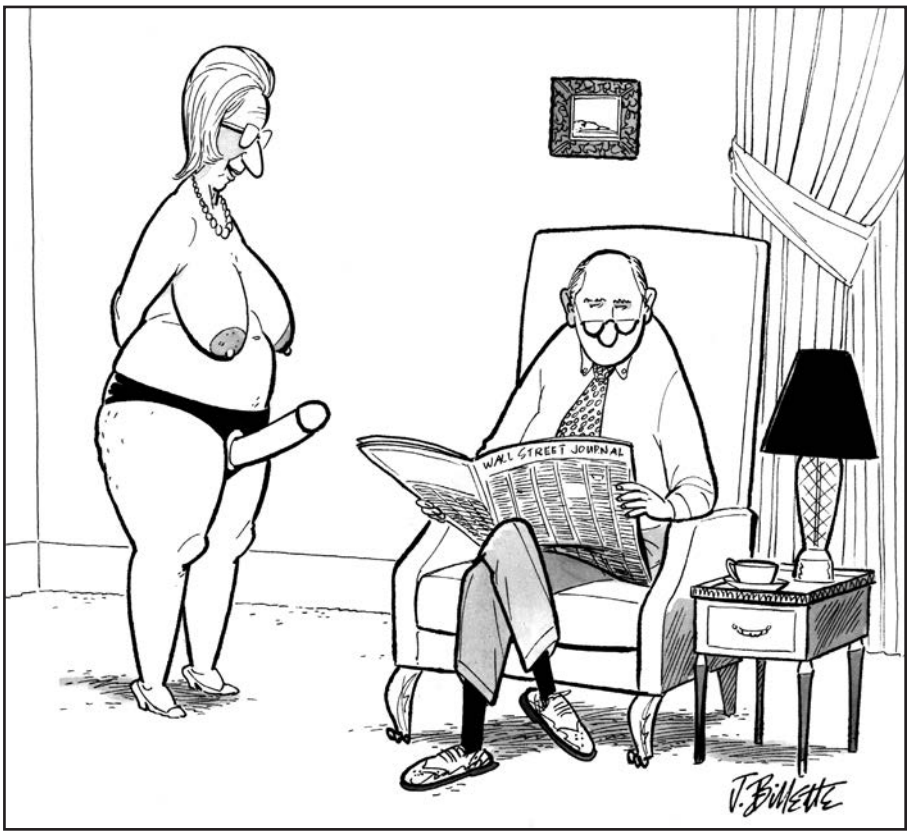
Leura Canary had begun working on Siegelman's case almost as soon as she took office in 2001, when she federalized Attorney General Pryor's ongoing state probe. It was that investigation that finally culminated in Siegelman's prosecution on corruption charges in 2005-06, just as he was again running for governor.

In 2002, after having spent more than six months investigating Governor Siegelman, Leura Canary was forced to recuse herself—or at least give the appearance of doing so—over her husband's connections to the Riley campaign. However, some believed that she in fact continued to guide the case behind the scenes.

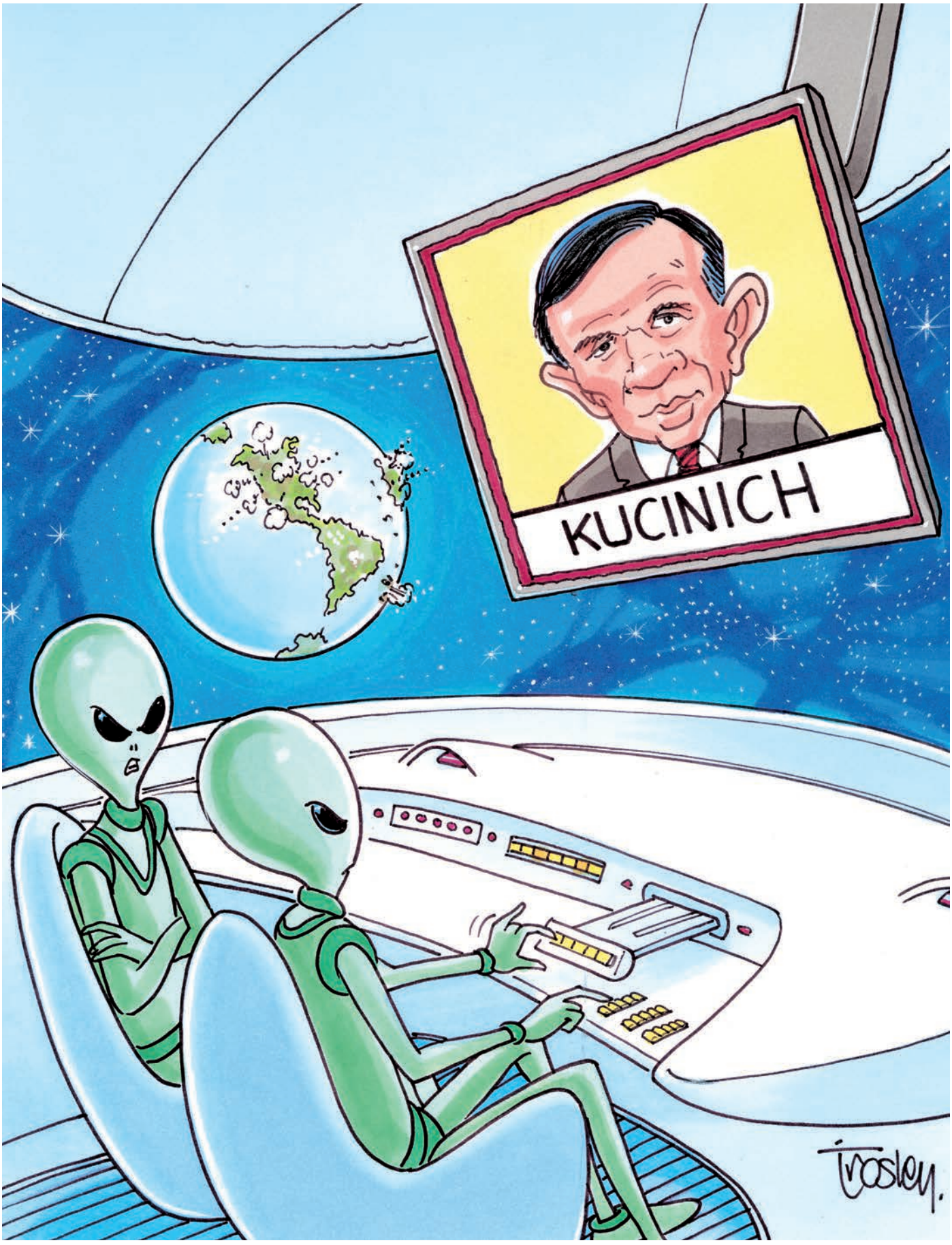
In 2004, charges of Medicaid bid-rigging were brought against Siegelman by the second of Bill Canary's "girls," U.S. Attorney Alice Martin. These charges were eventually thrown out by a visibly exasperated Alabama judge.

After Siegelman indicated his intention to seek reelection in 2005, Canary's original investigation resurfaced. Canary had never stopped pushing the investigation along, even against the advice of her professional staff. In October 2005, Don Siegelman was once again indicted by a federal grand jury in Canary's district on 32 counts of bribery, conspiracy and mail fraud.

The Siegelman case was assigned to Judge Mark Fuller, a former district attorney whom George W. Bush had *(continued on page 108)*



"Charles, dear, I think we need to push the envelope!"



"Americans deserve what they get. Every election they're given a candidate with superior intelligence, and they fuck it up!"

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A
SuperStud
WHEN...
...YOU DON'T NEED A BLANKET TO LIE ON AT THE BEACH.
...THE WHITE HOUSE ISSUES A TERRORIST WARNING ABOUT YOU TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.
BEWARE OF STUD
...PARIS HILTON WATCHES VIDEO OF YOU.
...THE MOTHER LIKES YOU AS MUCH AS THE DAUGHTER DOES.

...YOU ALWAYS GET A WARM GREETING FROM YOUR NEIGHBOR.
...EVEN ROSIE O'DONNELL THINKS YOU'RE HOT!
...GLORIA ALLRED HAS CASES PENDING AGAINST YOU.
GLORIA ALLRED
...YOUR CUTE NEW POSTAL DELIVERY PERSON KNOWS YOUR PERSONAL ZIP CODE.
ZIPP
...YOU WALK BY THE HUSTLER PHOTO STUDIOS AND CAUSE HAVOC.
HUSTLER PHOTO STUDIOS
Crosley
End

BACK FOR MORE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

HANNA HILTON

Heavenly **Hanna Hilton**, our January '07 covergirl, has done what many other models only dream of: being picked by Larry Flynt for an encore solo spread. "I am so thrilled to be back in the pages of my favorite magazine!" **Hanna** howls. "You really let me be me by showing off my pink pussy. I have never been shy about sharing *everything* with interested men, so HUSTLER is the perfect place for me to model."

The all-natural beauty (honestly, guys, those tits are not enhanced) is as forthcoming as you'd expect. "Sex probably doesn't count as a hobby, right?" **Hanna** says with a laugh. "But it's my favorite pastime bar none. Having sex with the right guy for hours on end is my idea of a perfect afternoon. I especially love to get it on when it's raining. There's something about the patter of raindrops on a roof that makes me dripping wet inside."

What kind of guys get to share **Hanna's** bed? "A strong man with a kind heart and big hands," the girl-next-door from Indiana confides. "He should be handsome, polite and funny—but also be willing to get down and *really* dirty. I don't need someone who doesn't know how to eat pussy and fuck a girl. I'd rather play with myself than be with a bad lay."

HANNA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Connersville, Indiana
AGE: 23
BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio
HEIGHT: 5-8
WEIGHT: 115
MEASUREMENTS: 34D-24-32

Ms. Breen, the math teacher, asked her class, "If there are five birds sitting on a fence, and you shoot one of them, how many are left?"

"None!" shouted a boy in the front row. "They'll all fly away with the first gunshot."

Ms. Breen replied, "The correct answer is four, but I like your thinking."

Emboldened, the kid addressed the schoolmarm: "Three young women are having ice cream. One is delicately licking the sides of her triple scoop, the second is gobbling down the top and sucking the cone, while the third is biting off the top of the ice cream. Which one is married?"

Blushing, Ms. Breen answered, "Well, I suppose the one who gobbled down the top and sucked the cone."

Grinning, the boy exclaimed, "The correct answer is the woman wearing a wedding ring, Ms. Breen, but I like your thinking!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *bukkake* as a messy-as-hell shooting spree.

A dumb hick was driving down a back road in Georgia when he spotted a sign in front of an eatery that read, "Happy Hour Special: Lobster Tail and Beer."

"Hot damn!" the rube said to himself. "My three favorite things!"

A frazzled mother walked up to a Wal-Mart with her two kids in tow, yelling and swearing at them like a sailor. The greeter at the entrance saw them and cheerfully announced, "Welcome to Wal-Mart, ma'am! What a lovely set of twins!"

"They're not twins, you moron!" the woman snapped. "One is nine and one is five! They don't even look alike! What the fuck makes you think they're twins?!"

The greeter looked at her and muttered, "Lady, I can't believe you've ever had sex more than once."

One day, Little Johnny heard a noise from his parents' bedroom and decided to check it out. He opened the door and caught his mom bent over the dresser as his dad rammed her from behind like there was no tomorrow! Johnny's father saw him and gave him a little wink as the youngster closed the door.

After the dirty deed was concluded, Dad went to check on his son. He opened the boy's bedroom door and found Grandma bent over a chair, with Little Johnny banging her like a dog in heat! Dad yelled, "Johnny, what the hell are you doing?!"

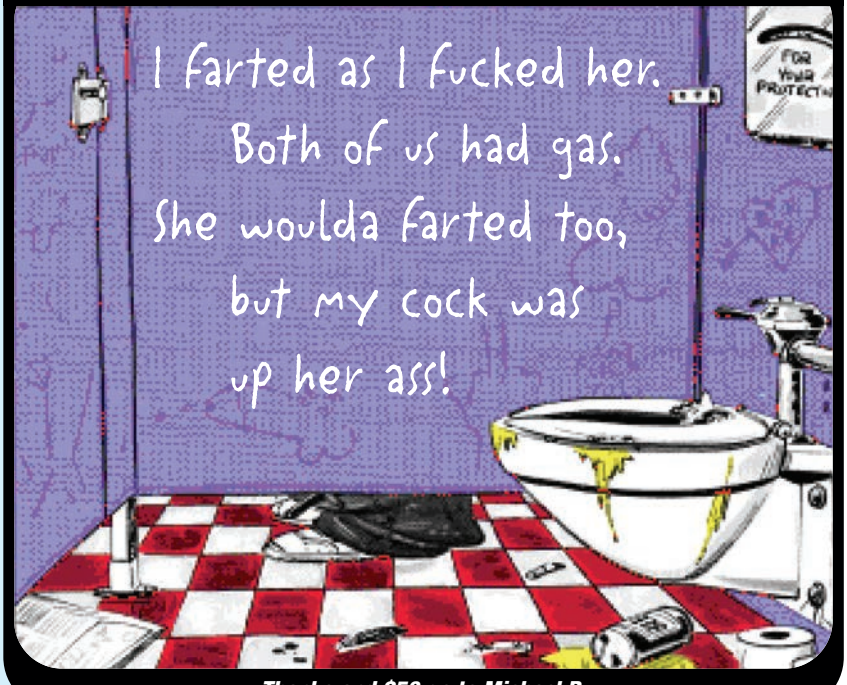
Little Johnny replied, "It ain't so funny when it's *your* mom, is it?"

A medical school professor was giving a lecture on involuntary muscular contractions to his first-year students. Realizing that this subject would likely bore the shit out of the class, he decided to lighten the mood a bit. The prof pointed to a coed in the front row and asked, "Do you know what your asshole is doing while you're experiencing an orgasm?"

Sarcastically, the sexy med student replied, "Probably deer hunting with his dipshit buddies!"

As a Mormon running for President of the United States, Republican candidate Mitt Romney decided to give a speech to allay any fears that his religious beliefs would influence his decision-making as President. "I believe in my Mormon faith," Romney began, "and I endeavor to live by it. My faith is the faith of my father and of my mother and of my mother and of my mother and of my mother and of my mother…"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Michael R.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

THANKS FOR THE HEAD, BUT I HAVE TO BE HONEST WITH YOU. I'M NOT A REAL COP!
THAT'S OKAY. I'M NOT A REAL WOMAN!

BY KEITH VALCOURT

DAVE GAHAN

In a Different Mode

WE CATCH UP WITH DEPECHE MODE'S FRONTMAN TO DISCUSS HIS LATEST SOLO CD, THE BAND'S HISTORY AND BLASPHEMOUS RUMORS.

HUSTLER: *Hourglass* is a lot more personal than your first solo outing, *Paper Monsters*. Was the process of making this one different?

DAVE GAHAN: I think that's probably true. Yeah. I think there was a lot more confidence going into making this record. When we started out, my collaborators Christian [Eigner] and Andrew [Phillpott] and I got together at my place in New York over the past few years to write. That is really how this started out. We were just going to sort of work on some songs and maybe demo them.

After a couple of weeks, literally we realized that it was more than that. So we said let's just make a record. The more we went along, the more that was revealed.

The difference is my last solo CD, *Paper Monsters*, was more planned out in a traditional way. I sat and wrote songs and made demos and then took those demos to the record company, and they found a producer. This new CD was more like "Let's just do it."

Your songs have always had a sparse and cold sound, yet they're still full of soul. How do you pull that off?

I think that over the last sort of five years, I've been finding my own voice. That may not make sense since I've been a singer for 25 years. I know how to use it to get the emotions across that I want to get across. As a singer you spend a lot of years sort of imitating your own idols, people that you kind of admire. You take a little piece of them, and somewhere along the line I found my own way. I'm certainly more comfortable.

The instrumentation, to be honest, comes quite secondary. It just so happens that we use a lot of electronics, so the atmospherics are built up in that way. We still use a bunch of traditional instruments; it's just the way you manipulate it after the fact. Really, Christian and I sit together at the piano, so a lot of the songs come from a very kind of sparse place. Playing some chords, and those chords inspire me to do something with my voice, and quite often that's the way things kind of work.

One of the things that happened with this record is I didn't want that to be changed too much. I wanted it to stay quite experimental. In the way that if I sang something that felt right as I was writing, we didn't mess with that too much and tried to keep the atmosphere that was initially there.

You mentioned having found your voice in the past five years as a singer. Have you found it as a songwriter? Is songwriting hard?

It certainly didn't feel difficult making this record. Daniel Miller of Mute Records said that the actual songwriting seems to be leaps and bounds ahead of what we did on *Paper Monsters*. Once you open that door, it comes. I can't close it. I guess as a songwriter I was just lying dormant for so many years. (*Laughs.*) Although playing a great role in the part that I have and continue to have in Depeche Mode. It was almost like I wasn't ready. I'm still learning as a songwriter and don't pretend to be anywhere near the kind of experience that Martin [Gore] had as a writer over the years. I guess I've sort of worked a good apprenticeship with him. (*Laughs.*)

Is *Hourglass*'s mysterious cover an indication that you're rebelling against your sex symbol image?

Well, Anton Corbijn did the photos, as he has for many years—as he has with Depeche as well. That was a Polaroid of some other photos that he took, and it just sort of had this ghostly effect to it. We don't know why it happened, but we liked it. At first there wasn't going to be a picture of me at all on the front. We were just sort of working with this graphic idea.

PHOTO BY SVEN SINDT

In the end, we used the photo because it seemed to fit. I think it's one of those things that unfortunately record companies have lost sight of—the importance of the artwork. Holding something in your hands and having something instead of just downloading.

Maybe I'm showing my age. I like to go into a store and look at stuff; quite often it's the artwork that strikes me first.

Were you and the rest of the band involved in giving the entire Depeche Mode catalog the deluxe treatment?

We were very involved and very particular about the way the albums were remastered. More so the short films that are packed as DVDs with the album. It was something that I found particularly exciting to see. It reminded me of what a long time we have spent working and growing together. You look at some of the old footage when we were in the studio, [when] I was in my late teens. It kind of horrifies me a bit. Looking back on that stuff, it's like I have a personal diary now with the DVDs.

I really enjoyed going through all that footage. I hadn't actually played those albums for years. To be honest, I rarely sort of play something apart from the fact that we go on tour after it is finished. Listening back to *Violator*, *Black Celebration* and *Songs of Love and Devotion*, I could see how those three albums were keys in the development of the band. Those three are like anchors.

Are those the CDs you're most proud of?

I think so, yeah. We weren't aware of that when we were making it, but *Violator* is incredibly innovative in many, many ways. We were mixing up traditional blues and gospel with what was happening in electronics. At the time we were unaware of the cutting edge that we were on. For us it was another record, and we were not prepared for what was about to happen, when it all went through the roof, and we started to sell millions of records around the world. We were just four guys from Basildon [England], still complaining about the usual stuff.

Also *Black Celebration* was an album no one was prepared for. At the time we were battling against being lumped in with the other pop bands in England. We didn't feel comfortable with that. *Black Celebration* was a direct result of us saying this is who we are.

Looking back, what do you think of your attire in the '80s?

I wish that someone had told us that we would be better off just wearing a black suit. Or at least all wear the same color. (*Laughs.*) Some of the stuff back then is the hardest to look at. You can see why people had a hard time getting past the way we looked. You can see that if you take any picture of us from the 1980s. You would say, "What were these guys thinking?" There was a healthy competitiveness of everyone trying to outdo the other.

Has spinning around in circles during concerts ever made you dizzy?

Not really, no. To be honest, I feel once I get out there onstage, I have to push my performance and live it. The last tour I did I kind of felt it quite a bit. It took me a good month afterwards to recover. I have developed my own style onstage, and it involves a lot of spinning. (*Laughs.*)

What enabled you to survive your O.D.?

I think because I wanted to. I think when you go down that road, you get really lost. Booze and drugs can be fun for a while, and then they're not. That's just the way it goes. There's nothing new. For me I just sort of wore that pair of shoes out many times. What I thought I wanted to do in my life was to escape constantly from whatever it was that was going on. That is not the case anymore. I'm here, and I really enjoy the challenge of life.

What is the most blasphemous rumor you've heard about yourself?

That I tried to kill myself.

So you didn't try to commit suidide?

No. I'm painfully aware that was not what I was trying to do. I probably said it in some interviews or something. All I was trying to do was disappear for a while, and that became a long lost weekend.

As a vastly successful musician, what keeps you inspired to create new music?

It is still the need to grow as a musician and make use of my time here. Going back to the drugs and booze, I feel like there was a lot of time that was wasted that I could have used doing something more creative. I think I thought I was being creative, but when you are drinking and drugging, all you're really doing is talking about it. Now I'm in a great place in my life where something new is happening to me. The writing experience and getting to make my own records on the side, if you like, is something I couldn't have imagined ten years ago.

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

IN THIS MOMENT
Beautiful Tragedy

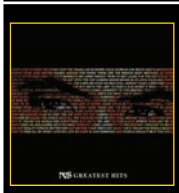
We love a girl who screams! Ozzfest 2007's most-talked-about act rocks through some heavy metal madness with a ton of catchy melodies. Think Evanescence's Amy Lee with balls. Not literally, of course.

THE HIVES
The Black & White Album

Hate to say we told you so, but the new Hives CD sounds a lot like previous Hives releases. Which isn't bad if you love their patented blend of hyperdriving urgency. To add extra funk, the crazy Swedes even enlisted the production skills of Pharrell Williams.

DAVID BOWIE
David Bowie Box

The thin white duke's latest five CDs are collected here with an impressive array of bonus material. This easily overlooked period in Bowie's career deserves a second listen, mainly because it features some of his most adventurous stuff in years and a brilliant collaboration with Trent Reznor.



NAS
Greatest Hits

Hip-hop pioneer-turned-rap icon Nas offers up a definitive collection of joints, jams and flavor sure to have you bobbin' your heads. Only thing missing is "Oochie Wally" from his side project, the Bravehearts.

VAMPIRE WEEKEND
Vampire Weekend

What Weezer was to the 1990s, Vampire is to the 2000s. Inventive and catchy nerd rock sure to shock your pocket protector. If you like the Shins and think being uncool is cool, then by God you need this disc.

SEBASTIAN BACH
Angel Down

Rocker-turned-reality star Bach is back rocking. The former Skid Row lead singer brings onboard a secret weapon, his pal Axl Rose. The GNR frontman shares vocal duties and rips through three powerhouse cuts here, including a cover of Aerosmith's "Back in the Saddle" that even Steven Tyler has to admit rocks! *(continued on page 101)*

FLASHBACK FAVES Catching Up With 1980s Music Stars

THE BANGLES The Mrs. Robinsons of Rock

REMEMBER THE BANGLES, the all-girl group from the 1980s with the jangley, '60s-influenced pop sound? You remember! Remember the way the lead singer looked to the left as she sang in the "Walk Like an Egyptian" video? You remember. The most successful female rock band in history is back with a new tour and a new live DVD, *The Road to Bangleonia*. Music Editor Keith Valcourt sat down with founding members Susanna Hoffs, Vicki Peterson and Debbi Peterson to talk about keeping it together, working with Prince and the joy of young groupies.

HUSTLER: What brought you back together?

SUSANNA HOFFS: I badgered them a little bit, I'll admit it.

DEBBI PETERSON: Susanna was persistent, persistent—

VICKI PETERSON: And successful in convincing us to try it again. I was living in New Orleans living a very different life. I was very satisfied. Then after receiving annual phone calls from Susanna, they became semiannual phone calls, then quarterly calls.

SUSANNA: It never got to daily, did it? (*Laughs.*)

VICKI: No, it didn't. We started discussing what it would be like to get together and start writing together and see what would happen. If we could generate some new material, then I thought it would be interesting.

SUSANNA: Actually, Debbi came by to start writing stuff. We decided to see what is was like to be in a room together, put our toe in and start making music.

What is your favorite rock star moment from the 1980s?

SUSANNA: The San Remo Festival on the Italian Riviera to play a show broadcast on TV in Italy. It was people like Whitney Houston and Spandau Ballet, which we thought was so hilarious and cool and weird. And Duran Duran. It was *la dolce vita* in a way. It was so fitting that it was in Italy because we had never been "paparazzied." We did this press conference, and it was like a wall—

DEBBI: Of flashbulbs!

SUSANNA: And our names being called.

VICKI: There were hundreds and hundreds of photographers.

SUSANNA: We were like, "Omigod!" Because we were dragging all over the world, not feeling glamorous whatsoever. We felt a little notched down when Duran Duran invited us out to dinner that night. We got into the car with them, just squeezed in. It was *A Hard Day's Night* moment, and there were girls climbing on the car and shaking it.

DEBBI: They were grabbing at our clothes and their clothes.

SUSANNA: And Duran Duran was oblivious to it. Like been there, done that.

Did the Bangles have groupies back in the day?

SUSANNA: We had wannabe groupies. That's how I've been thinking of it these days. They would be really adorable, sweet, well-meaning, hard-core fans, and they would just trail around after us from city to city.

VICKI: There is this dramatic threshold between the fan-and-friend divide. I guess there was less of a precedent existing for guys to figure out how to approach female artists and say, "Can I sleep with you?"

SUSANNA: Guys throwing their underwear onstage was kind of a turn-off.

DEBBI: It didn't work for us, oddly enough. We were like, "Oh, boxers!" I think that if we had been a band in the '60s it might have been different. Free love was crashing to a halt in the '80s.

VICKI: We were in the age of herpes and AIDS, so no free love for us.

Who would win a catfight between the Bangles and Go-Go's?

SUSANNA: I think the Go-Go's,

VICKI: They would want it more.

SUSANNA: The Go-Go's would scratch our eyes out.

DEBBI: They have longer nails.

VICKI: I think we could kick some serious Go-Go butt, but we don't want to.

SUSANNA: I think they are tougher than we are.

DEBBI: We would try to talk them out of it.

SUSANNA: I think the Go-Go's are more emotionally high-strung than we are.

DEBBI: Although we have our moments.

VICKI: We'd win in a psychological fight.

Prince wrote "Manic Monday" for you. What was he like?

SUSANNA: Interesting. He is a very intriguing person. Mysterious even when you're just sitting in a room with him for a few hours.

VICKI: Very mysterious.

DEBBI: You're not going to sit down and have a beer with the guy. Maybe you will, but it's going to be a very interesting beer.

DEBBI

SUSANNA

VICKI

SUSANNA: Prince definitely creates his own world, and he takes it with him.

VICKI: It's a bubble world.

SUSANNA: He is a genius. It was so cool that he used to jump onstage with us. It was so cool that he invited us to his studio to jam with him and over to his house.

VICKI: I was really honored by his attention.

What are today's Bangles fans like?

VICKI: We have wonderful fans, and the age range has been expanding in both directions. We see little kids and their parents all the way up to people who are in their 40s who were in college during our last number one hit or met their spouses and danced to "Eternal Flame" at their wedding.

SUSANNA: At the time when we did *The Road to Bangleonia* DVD, we were at the House of Blues in Chicago, and there were all these 23-year-old boys staring up at us. We're like in our 40s, obviously, and we're getting goose bumps. Some of them came backstage to talk to us and were very attentive. We asked, "How do you know about us?" They said their mothers turned them on to the Bangles. That's when we were like, okay, we're the Mrs. Robinsons of rock.

DEBBI: Old.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

A look at the latest comedy DVDs.

THE BEST OF CRANK YANKERS UNCENSORED

Puppets and crank calls. Has there ever been a better combination? Produced by Jimmy Kimmel and Adam Carolla, *Crank Yankers Uncensored* delivers the most uproarious segments of the breakthrough Comedy Central show. You'll be screaming just like Special Ed: "Yeah!"

GEORGE CARLIN:
All My Stuff

All 12 of the politically savvy curmudgeon's HBO one-hour specials—spanning from 1977 to 2005—have been gathered in this 14-disc mega box set. Even though Carlin refuses to be interviewed by HUSTLER, we have always liked the comic's biting satire.

FUTURAMA:
Bender's Big Score

God bless Matt Groening and his merry madmen for bringing *Futurama* back! This full-length, direct-to-DVD animated action epic (the first of four!) is a straight-up hilarious blend of everything you'd expect from the series. Our favorite moment has to be "Everybody Love's Hypnotizing Toad." Watch it. You'll see.

BIKINI BLOODBATH

Ready for a campy horror/slasher sendup with lots of blood-soaked boobies? Here you go! This film is so bad, it's good in an unintentionally funny way. *Bikini Bloodbath* features a bevy of alleged high school girls who all look to be in their 30s and have the acting abilities of retarded porn bimbos. Blood, boobs and bad acting. What more do you need?!

THUNDERBIRDS:
40th Anniversary Collector's Edition Megaset

Five, four, three, two, one…Thunderbirds are go! This 12-DVD set gathers up all of Gerry Anderson's marionette cult classic. Perfect for both old fans and those who have yet to discover the inspiration behind *Team America: World Police.*

FAMILY GUY:
Blue Harvest

The most freakin' sweet *Star Wars* parody ever is now available on DVD. The deluxe package includes 3-D glasses, a T-shirt, trading cards and more!

THE BEST OF THE COLBERT REPORT

Onetime *Daily Show* reporter Stephan Colbert's witty Comedy Central spinoff gets the best-of treatment here. The disc is packed with the razor-sharp wit and sarcastic commentary that have made Colbert a force to reckon with. Hell, we'd vote for the aspiring Presidential candidate, but sadly we don't live in South Carolina.

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

AIRBOURNE
Runnin' Wild

When the new AC/DC disc arrived, we were psyched. Brian Johnson sounds stronger than ever. Wait! This isn't Angus and the boys! It's a new band called Airbourne, an Aussie fourpiece that rocks as hard as hell. *Runnin' Wild* will hold you over nicely till a new AC/DC CD does arrive.

JOE JACKSON
Rain

The master of melody returns with a perfect slice of piano-driven pop genius. With his voice still as full of yearning and indignation as when he recorded "Is She Really Going Out With Him," Jackson leads his stripped-down trio through some brilliant and sardonic songs. Highlights include "Invisible Man" and "King Pleasure Time."

THE RAVEONETTES
Lust Lust Lust

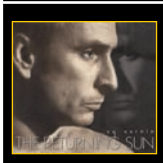
The latest Raveonettes disc is a fuzzy, dark blast of enjoyable heartbroken rock. The sexy Sharin Foo sings with a yearning and desire seemingly inspired by legendary rock goddesses Debbie Harry and Shirley Manson.

THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND
Carolina Dreams Tour 77

One of Southern rock's greatest bands captured live in their prime with the original lineup intact. An unforgettable 1977 gig is here in a two-DVD and one-CD set, so grab your cowboy hat, bolo tie and shitkicking boots. It's time to howl, "Yee-haw!"

MICHAEL FRANTI & SPEARHEAD
Yell Fire! Live

Michael Franti knows how to make a protest song poignant and poppy. This live disc shows his band in top form, delivering antiwar anthems that make you think *and* dance. Funk on!



CY CURNIN
The Returning Sun

The Fixx's leader treads familiar territory on his second solo CD. He even brings along fellow Fixx bandmate Jamie Oram West to contribute guitar and backing vocals to the proceedings. While you won't find another "One Thing Leads to Another," you will find some catchy, '80s-sounding pop.

Movie Mammaries

ACADEMY AWARD–WINNING ASSETS

HOLLY HUNTER

HOLLY HUNTER MAY NOT BE THE EPITOME OF SEXY, but the Oscar-winner is hot. Originally from Georgia, the versatile actress has long offered the perfect combination of girl-next-door beauty and brains and a willingness to give full-frontal exhibitions of her anatomy. Let's take a look at this impressive body of work.

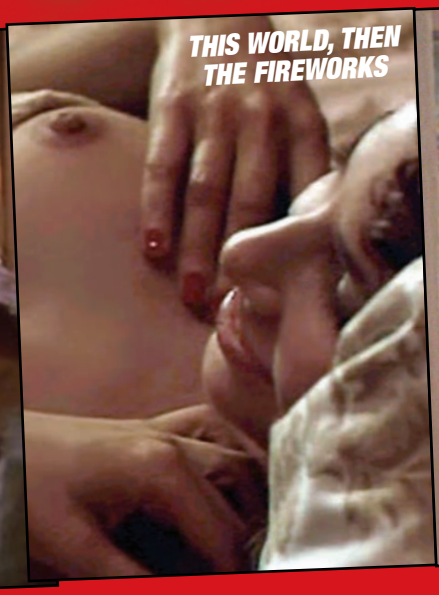
In the arthouse crossover classic *The Piano* (1993), Hunter portrays the ideal woman: a deaf-mute bride. The film earned its leading lady an Academy Award and the affection of many men for her totally nude turn. Sadly, we also had to put up with **Harvey Keitel**'s bare butt, but if you can get beyond his flabby man ass, you'll be tickling more than the ivories. Later, in the psycho thriller *Crash* (1996)—opposite the wonderfully creepy **James Spader**—Hunter plays a crazed nymphomaniac who is turned on by speed and having sex at the site of car accidents. Along the way, Holly's perky nips make several appearances that could stop traffic.

Living Out Loud (1998) showcases Hunter's heavenly heinie and bountiful bush in all their glory as she prepares for a massage. The film *Jesus' Son* may not have you seeing God, but at least you can enjoy the angelic Hunter's tatas as they emerge during a bedroom tryst with **Billy**

THE PIANO

Rent These NOW!

COCKTAIL

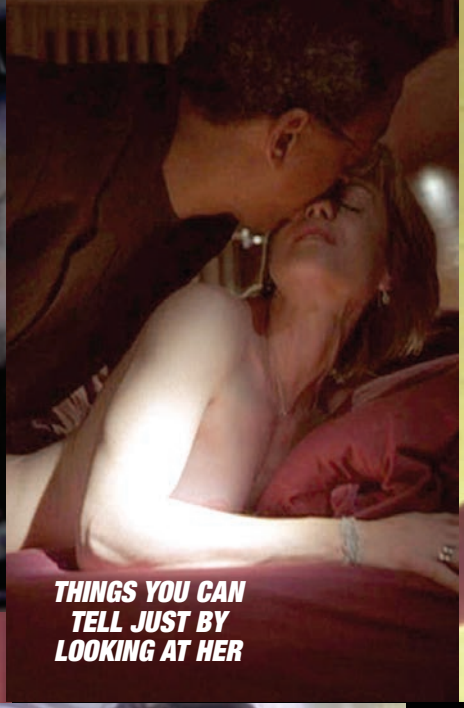


THIS WORLD, THEN THE FIREWORKS

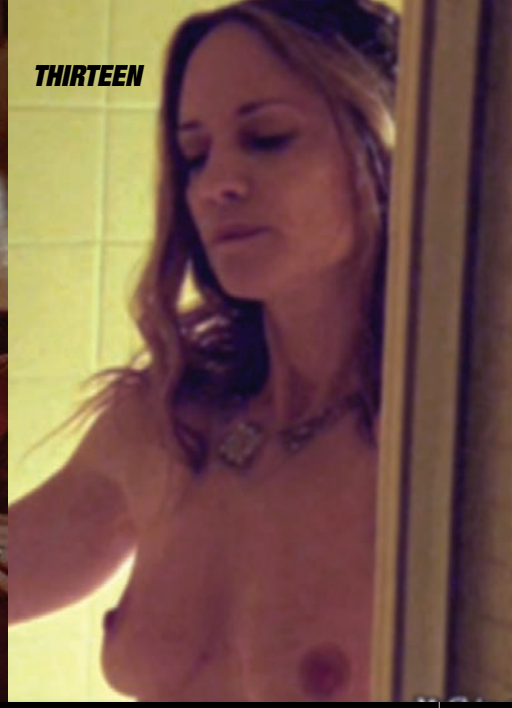
ONE TOUGH COP

BOUND

CRASH



THINGS YOU CAN TELL JUST BY LOOKING AT HER



THIRTEEN

LIVING OUT LOUD

JESUS' SON

Crudup. Hallelujah! *Harlan County War* (2000) will have you battling with the freeze-frame button on your remote to get yet another eyeful of the temptress's terrific tits. Hunter's performance in 2000's *Things You Can Tell Just by Looking at Her* may be her most dramatic to date. We don't really remember what the flick was about because we were too busy checking out Holly's oft-exposed nipples and righteous rearend.

Our final recommendation is the independent drama *Thirteen* (2003), in which Hunter is cast as the mother of a troubled teen. Once again we get a good look at her hairy beaver and natural knockers. We suggest the Academy give Ms. Hunter a lifetime achievement award for always giving the moviegoing public exactly what it wants: nudity!

BONUS BOOBS: Gina Gershon's Got 'Em!

SHOWGIRLS

FOR OUR MONEY THERE IS NO SEXIER B-movie actress out there than **Gina Gershon**. The daring thespian has the perfect CSL (cocksucking lips) and the willingness to commit to a role by getting completely naked. Plus, she has a penchant for portraying lesbians on the silver screen. This New York City-based theatrical actress burst into the public consciousness in the **Tom Cruise** vehicle *Cocktail* (1988). The then-25-year-old can be clearly seen sans top in a simulated but smoking sex romp with the Scientologist midget. Gershson's young breasts are just begging to be adored by the public.

That tasty turn was followed by what we think are the hottie's two most memorable flesh-filled classics. In the Vegas glitz flick *Showgirls* (1995), Gershon's character is a bitchy star who swaps barbs, punches and saliva with a wannabe portrayed by onetime child star **Elizabeth Berkley** of *Saved by the Bell* fame. *Showgirls* offers more nudity per frame than most Spectravision offerings. Gina followed that stroke of cinematic genius with the titillating thriller *Bound* (1996), playing a lesbo who loves lawbreaking, bondage and sizzling sex with voluptuous costar **Jennifer Tilly**.

Gina's impressive body is again on display in three forgettable flops, starting with the straight-to-video dud *This World, Then the Fireworks*. Of course, we found the 1997 film compelling because of its extended peeks at Gershon's peaks. *One Tough Cop* (1998) also stars one of the bloated **Baldwin** brothers. Which one? Does it matter? You get to see Gina's scrumptious ass! Finally, there's the artsy *Black and White*, a movie not only hard to find, it's hard to see, being so poorly lit that Gershon's globes are nearly hidden by shadow and soft-focus. Sadly, this was the knockout's last gasp of on-screen nudity, although a scantily clad performance in 2003's *Prey for Rock & Roll* suggests that the fortysomething may still be up for more take-it-off screen time. We sure hope so, because every time we see Gina Gershon get it on, we gush on.

Remember, every month HUSTLER delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' suggestions. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

FAMOUS FLESH

Geri Halliwell
Sugar & Spice & Everything Naughty

JUST IN TIME for the much-anticipated Spice Girls reunion—admit it, you bought tickets—we offer a gander at the vintage vagina of **Geri Halliwell a/k/a Ginger Spice.** Although these unearthed photographs originally appeared in European publications back in the '90s, they have never popped up in an American magazine—until now! Shot over a decade ago, long before Halliwell was famous, these candids proudly capture the portrait of the future Spice Girl as a struggling wannabe actress/singer showing off her true talents.

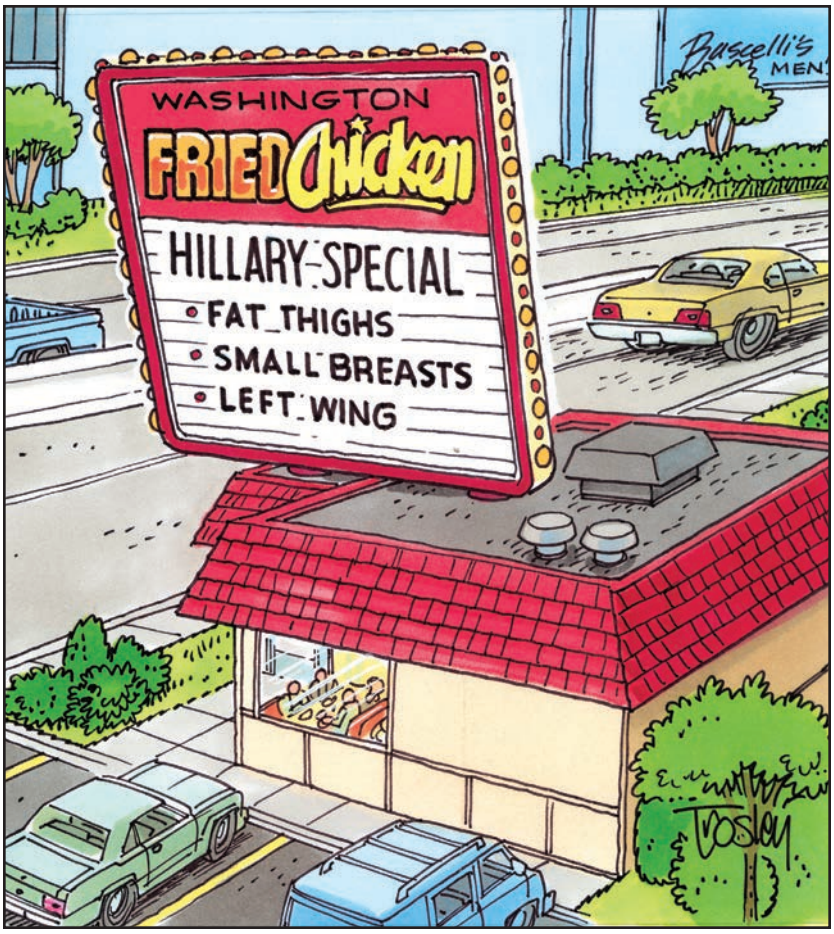
To steal a line from one of the Spice Girls' biggest hits: We'll tell you what we want, what we really, really want is for Ms. Halliwell to convince her bandmates to strip down with her for some heavy-duty lesbian action in a girl/girl/girl/girl/girl pictorial. Now *that* would sure generate some press and maybe even help their lame, menopausal group sell some concert tickets.

Sarah Larson

Hey There, Georgie's Girl!

THE NAME Sarah Larson may not mean big box office yet, but that hasn't stopped **George Clooney** from nailing her—or stopped us from showing you her beautiful box. Fledgling actress Larson is the latest in a long line of starlets who have captured the eye and heart (or at least the penis) of Clooney. Hey, we have to admit that the former *E.R.* star-turned-silver screen leading man has good taste. Before she became a Clooney conquest, Sarah revealed her hot bod in pics shot during a 2005 modeling assignment in Gainesville, Florida. The lovely Larson clowned around after hours with a female friend and some local authorities. The flashing wasn't Sarah's fault. After all, models rely on other people to dress them. They can't be expected to remember essential things like putting on a pair of panties. Hey, George, once again we tip our hat to you. Nice score!

Got any risqué celebrity pictures? How about nude photos of bona fide beauties who are dating famous leading men? Either way, we want to see them. Who knows? We may even give you some cash and run them in HUSTLER for all the world to see. Don't delay. Contact us at *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.



"You gotta be shittin' me! What blind bastards have been objectifying you fat, ugly bitches?!"

(continued from page 38) strong enough." But, Jefferson said, our nation was "the world's best hope" precisely because we put our trust in We the People.

WHO WILL TELL THE TRADITIONAL AMERICAN LIBERAL STORY?

When I was working in Russia some years ago, a friend in Kaliningrad told me a perhaps apocryphal story about Nikita Khrushchev, who—following Stalin's death [in 1953]—gave a speech to the Politburo denouncing Stalin's policies of arbitrarily arresting people and throwing them in prisons or mental institutions without rights of habeas corpus. A few minutes into Khrushchev's diatribe, somebody in the back of the audience shouted out, "Why didn't you denounce Stalin then, the way you are now?!"

The room fell silent as Khrushchev swept the audience with his glare. "Who said that?" he asked in a reasoned voice. Silence.

"Who said that?" Khrushchev demanded, leaning forward, his voice tinged with anger. Silence.

Pounding his fist on the podium to accent each word, he screamed, "Who—said—that?!" Still no answer.

Finally, after a long and strained silence, with the elected politicians in the room afraid to even cough, a corner of Khrushchev's mouth lifted into a smile.

"Now you know," he said with a chuckle, "why I did not speak up against Stalin when I sat where you now sit."

The questions for our day are: Who will speak up against authoritarian policies in America? Who will speak against politicians who abuse American democracy by punishing reporters and news organizations by cutting off their access, who punish politicians by targeting them in their home districts, who punish truthtellers in the Executive branch by character assassination that even extends to destroying their spouses' careers?

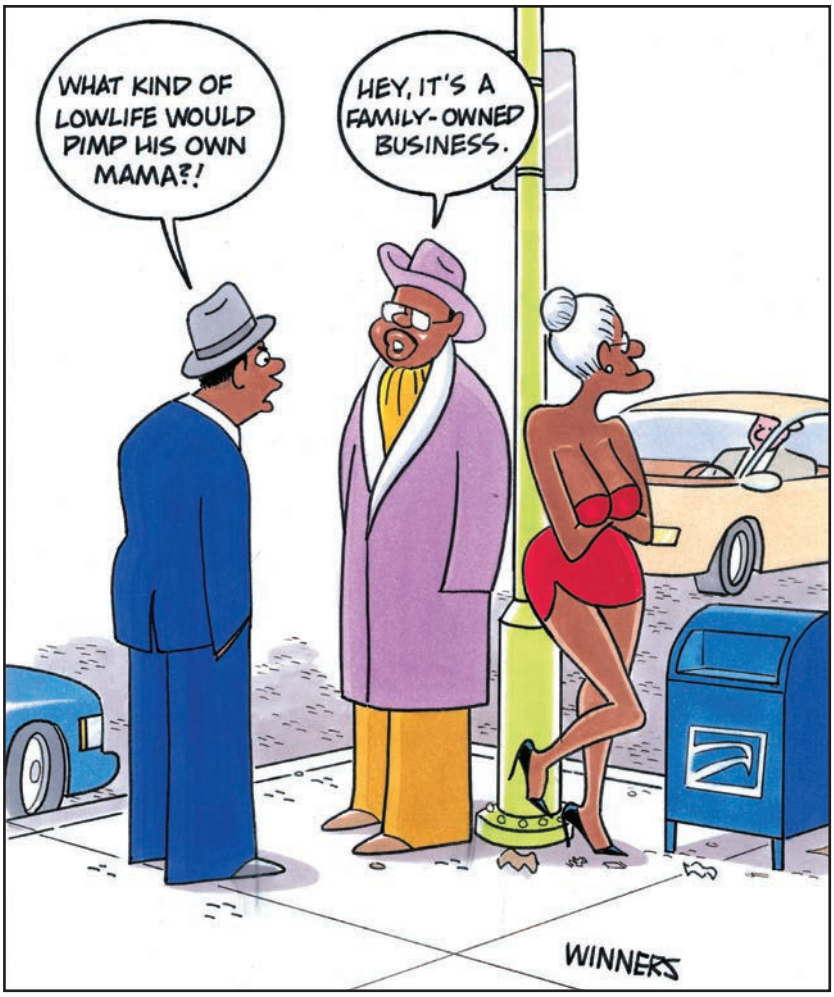
We must not make the mistake that Jefferson warned us against. We must not remain silent, like Khrushchev's people did. We must speak out.

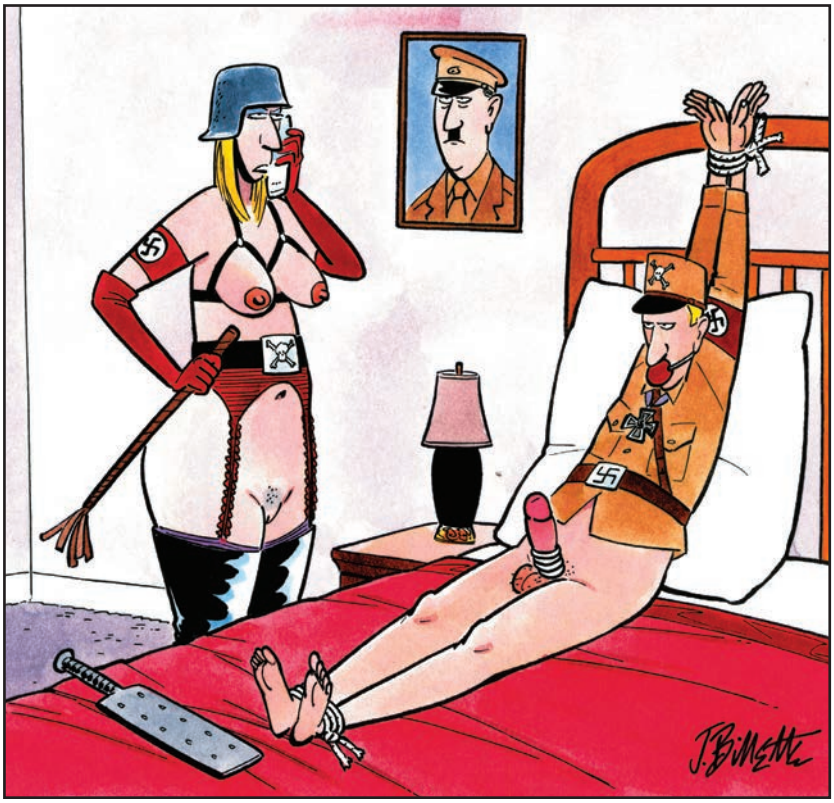
We are citizens. It's time to reclaim that identity. And with the tools of competent communicators, each of us is equipped to tell the story of We the People and restore our democracy.

Democracy begins with you. Tag—you're it!

*The above excerpt is from Thom Hartmann's Cracking the Code: How to Win Hearts, Change Minds, and Restore America's Original Vision (Berrett-Koehler Publishers, **BKConnection.com**). The resident of Portland, Oregon, has also written on a broad range of subjects, notably attention deficit disorder, the JFK assassination and corporate dominance. Radio stations from coast to coast carry Hartmann's insightful program, and he can be heard worldwide via satellite radio and the Internet.*

"How ya doin', buddy? My name is Scotty. I see you've met my wife!"





"If you must know, we watch only Fox News. Now please take our number off your call list!"

(continued from page 78) nominated for a federal judgeship in August 2002. Fuller was accused by his Siegelman-appointed successor in the district attorney's office of falsifying payroll records with intent to defraud the Alabama retirement system, leading him to back Riley during that year's election. This episode raises serious questions about Fuller's refusal to recuse himself and helps explain Rob Riley's alleged statement to Jill Simpson that Fuller would "hang" Siegelman.

Siegelman was accused of accepting a $500,000 donation from HealthSouth founder Richard M. Scrushy in exchange for an appointment to the Alabama hospital regulatory board. That donation went to pay off a debt incurred by a nonprofit foundation set up by Siegelman and others to promote an education lottery in a state referendum. However, Siegelman's attorney argued that his client did not control the foundation incurring the debt, nor did he take money from or profit from the foundation.

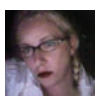
The case dragged on until June 2006, shortly after Siegelman was defeated in a Democratic primary. A few weeks later he was acquitted of 25 of the 32 counts against him, but he was ultimately convicted of the others after the jury had deadlocked twice and been sent back to deliberate by Judge Fuller. During the trial itself there were many irregularities, including strong indications of jury-tampering involving two jurors.

When it finally came time for sentencing, Judge Fuller imposed a term of seven years, four months and would not allow Siegelman to remain free while his case was under appeal. Within hours, Siegelman had been transported to a federal penitentiary in Atlanta.

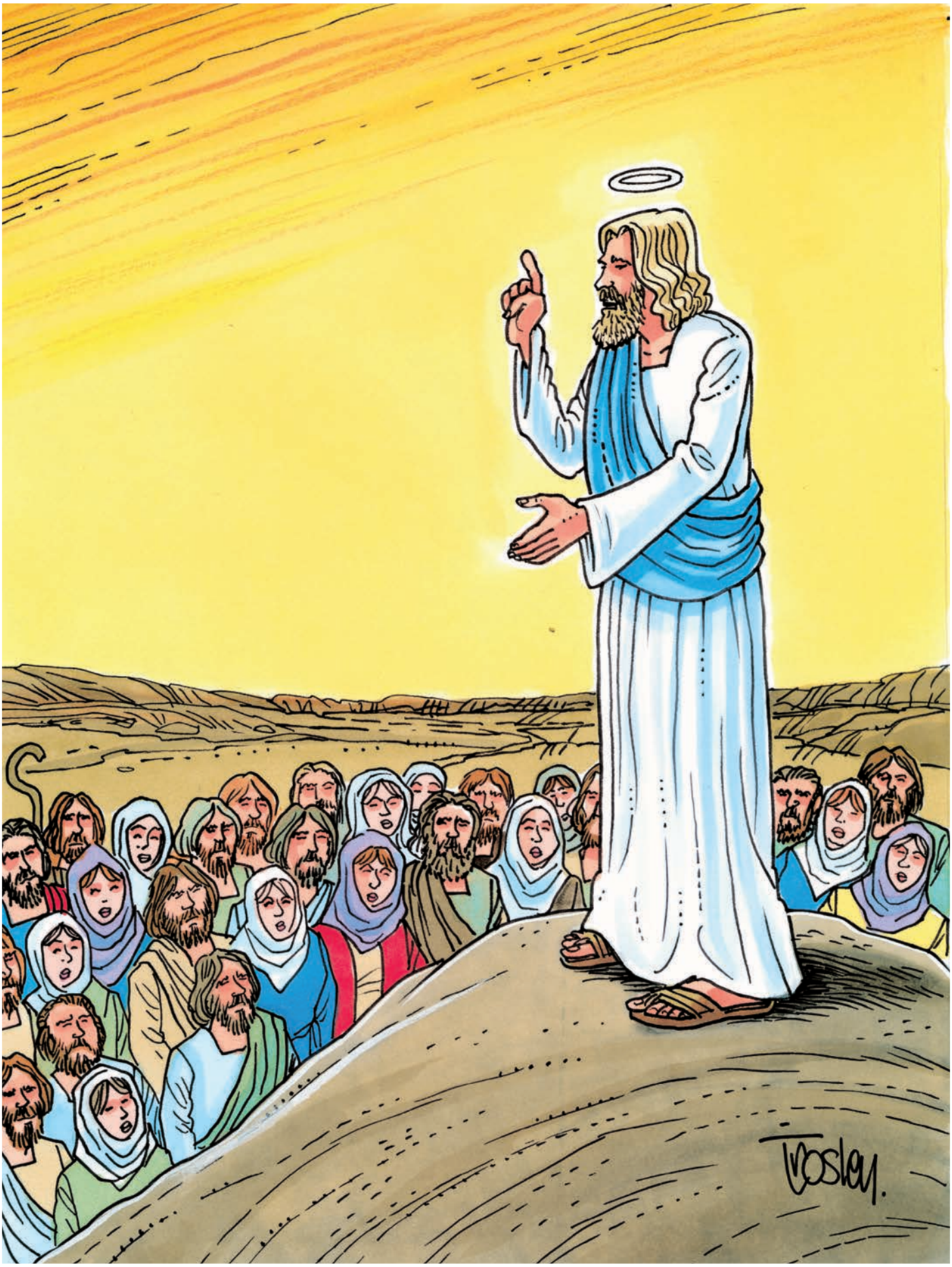
In the days immediately following Siegelman's imprisonment, another set of strange occurrences further underscored the serious ethical and legal questions surrounding this case. First, his lawyer's office was broken into, although the intruders took nothing of value and only appeared to have been looking for files. Then, ten days later, Siegelman was sent on an extended odyssey to prisons in Michigan, New York, Oklahoma and finally Louisiana, during which time his attorneys were led to believe that he had been moved to Texas.

It was this final series of moves that brought this case to public notice and raised the ire of 44 former state attorneys general, who penned a letter to Congress asking that the case be investigated.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As this issue went to press, U.S. Attorney Alice Martin ordered the arrest of Alabama state legislator Sue Schmitz, 63, who was ultimately hauled out of her shower by FBI agents, handcuffed and jailed on fraud charges. Schmitz, a critic of Governor Bill Riley, is a Democrat.



Larisa Alexandrovna is managing editor of investigative news for The Raw Story and regularly reports on intelligence and national security stories. Muriel Kane is Raw Story's research director. For more on the Don Siegelman case, see **RawStory.com**.



"But in the future, the meek shall inherit a huge government deficit!"

Biggest Jackpots in LA

Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker

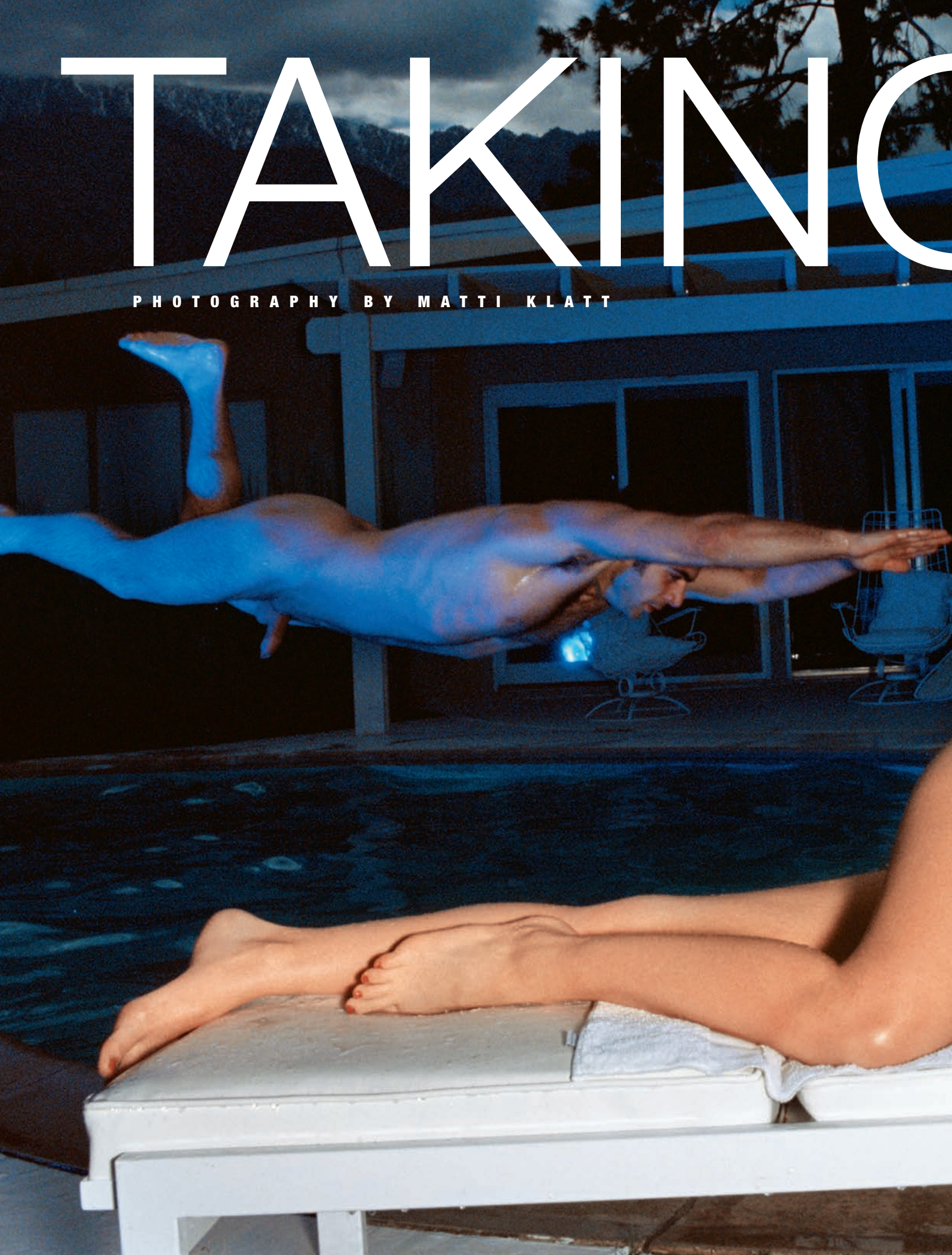
LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER CASINO LOS ANGELES

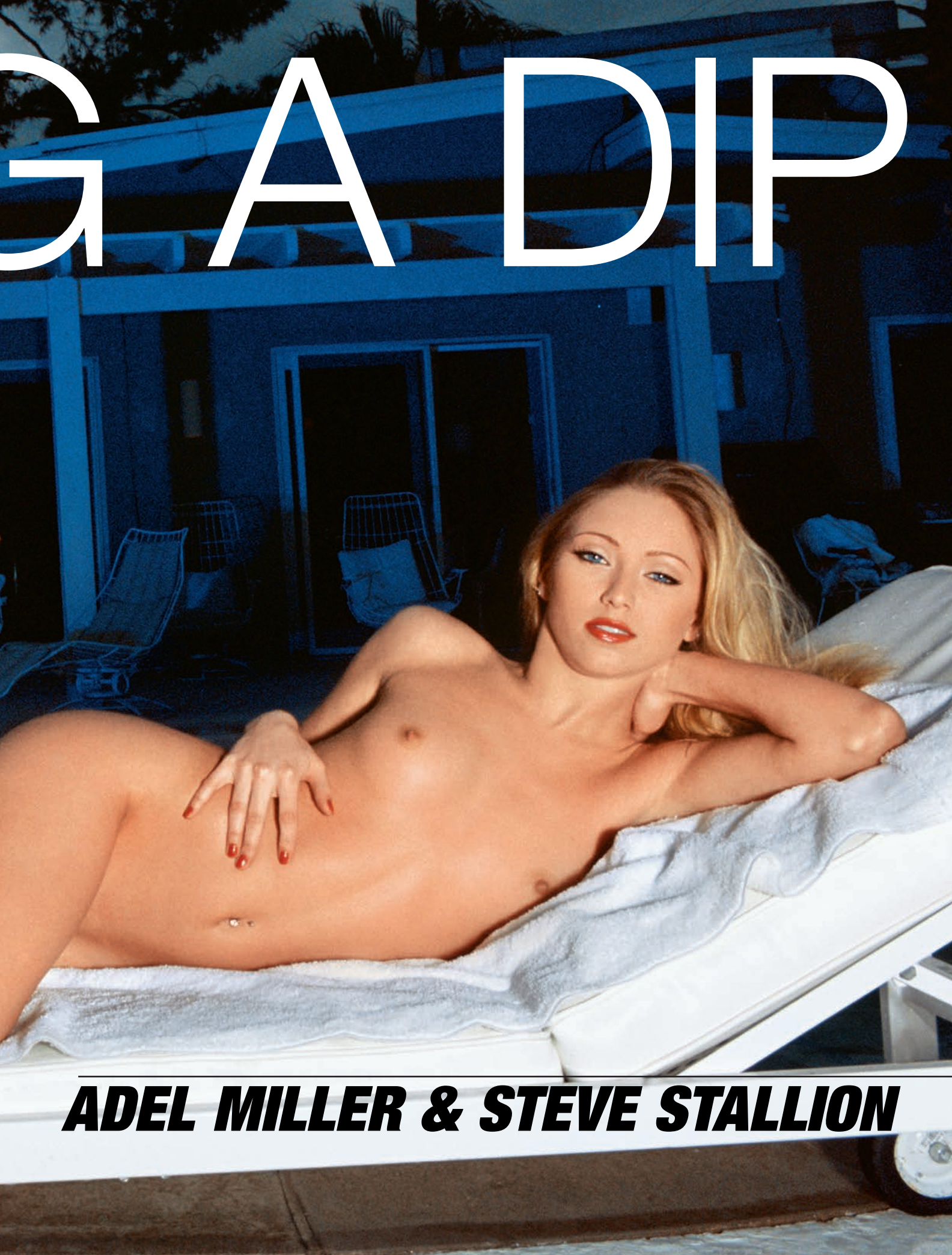
www.HustlerCasinoLA.com • 1000 W. Redondo Beach Blvd. Gardena, CA 90247 • 310.719.9800

Must be 21 to visit casino. Play responsibly. Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-GAMBLER. 02.11.10

TAKING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT




G A DIP
ADEL MILLER & STEVE STALLION

HERE'S THE SKINNY ON SKINNY-DIPPING:

★The catchy term for "swimming sans clothes" was introduced to the English language in the 1950s, although people have been taking watery nude romps seemingly forever.

★Skinny-dipping holds an important role in cinema. Any horror flick worth anything features butt-naked teenage campers frolicking in a lake late at night moments before they are murdered by a masked maniac. *The Blue Lagoon* from 1980, starring a young Brooke Shields, serves up one of Hollywood's hottest skinny-dipping scenes of all time.

★Skinny-dipping is illegal in all 50 American states, but is openly conducted in France and other foreign countries.

★R.E.M.'s song "Nightswimming" recalls a nocturnal skinny-dip.

★If you ever find a chick like Adel alone, stark naked and horny by a pool at night, you need to dive right in.

See **Adel** heat up *Fresh Flesh* and (as HUSTLER star Joey Hart) *Pin Up Honeys*, *Larry's Angels*, *Pussy to Pussy*, *HUSTLER Hardcore Vault #10*, *Christmas in Memphis* and *The Da Vinci Load* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

IF ELECTED PRESIDENT, I PROMISE YOU I WILL LISTEN TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.
WITH THOSE EARS, HE SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY PROBLEM HEARING THEM.
WINNERS

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

FAME & NOTORIETY EVERLASTING

Rhonda K. Baughman ruminates on a murdered coed with a secret sideline that made her more "newsworthy."

When Emily Sander, 18, disappeared, few of her classmates at **Butler Community College** in Kansas noticed. When her body was found six days later, 50 miles from the El Dorado campus, it got minor attention in local papers. When it was revealed the quiet brunette had been living a secret life as an Internet model named Zoey Zane, Emily Sander became *good* news. *Sexy* news.

"PORN STAR MURDERED!" screamed Chicken Little headlines.

"SEE DEAD PORN STAR PUSSY!" squawked random blogger trolls.

Much of Zoey Zane's personal information and photography have been removed from the Internet, but this hasn't entirely stopped the necrophile crowd from creeping in. No doubt, postmortem hits for Zoey Zane have exceeded those when Sander was alive. Odd, one might think, for someone deemed a porn queen or star on the basis of a few scant details of her foray into online nude modeling. But then equally odd were the words *queen* and *star*. Uh, what were all those movie titles again? Emily Sander was neither royalty of adult entertainment, nor, truthfully, was her Internet site naughty enough to warrant star status.

Notably, the facts of this case seem entirely unrelated to Sander's extracurricular endeavors. One night, Sander met Israel Mireles, 24, at a bar in El Dorado. They left together, without Mireles's very pregnant 16-year-old girlfriend, Victoria Martens. Six days later, Sander's body was found. Mireles was charged with capital murder, rape and aggravated criminal sodomy, the clues being a missing bedspread and a copious amount of blood in his motel room. The suspect's flight to Mexico caused a stink: The *Federales* insisted the *Yanquis* not seek the death penalty. U.S. authorities promised the worst they'd demand would be life in prison.

Neither the public nor Sander's classmates have details of her death, but it has been stated that nude modeling had no connection to her fate. In fact, the only reason anyone outside Kansas even heard about her demise was because of the young woman's cyberspace activity. It's only Emily Sander's risqué alter ego that has given the case national attention.

Welcome to the erratic pulse beat of America's Heartland—Sander in Kansas, myself in Ohio, both of us barely blips on radar screens, average students in the middle of nowhere: free spirits, the invisible class, women in transition. Sander was one of thousands of anonymous faces and bodies floating in the ether. She may have dreamed of parlaying her sideline into something else. Who knows? To be human is to dream. I can tell you, as both a student and instructor, all students have some kind of dream; otherwise we wouldn't be students.

welcome to my little spot on the web!
Zoey Zane
it's time to have some fun!
members
join me inside now! click here!
i just turned 18! talk to me live!

Reactions to the story at my school, Antioch University McGregor, and at the one where I teach remain as nonchalant now as at the story's initial break in November 2007. It's business as usual. People love good tragedy, enjoy hashing particulars or making some up, especially if bare breasts and a flash of ass are involved. Get the story, report the facts, quickly move on to the next one.

Dreaming of stardom, Emily Sander titillated Internet voyeurs as Zoey Zane.

At least in the headline of reporter Roxana Hegeman's AP article, the word *student* preceded *porn star*. Nothing I read mentioned that Sander also worked as a secretary. In the U.S. we tend to let our vocations define us. Some of us forget that the actual person is a separate entity from his or her job description.

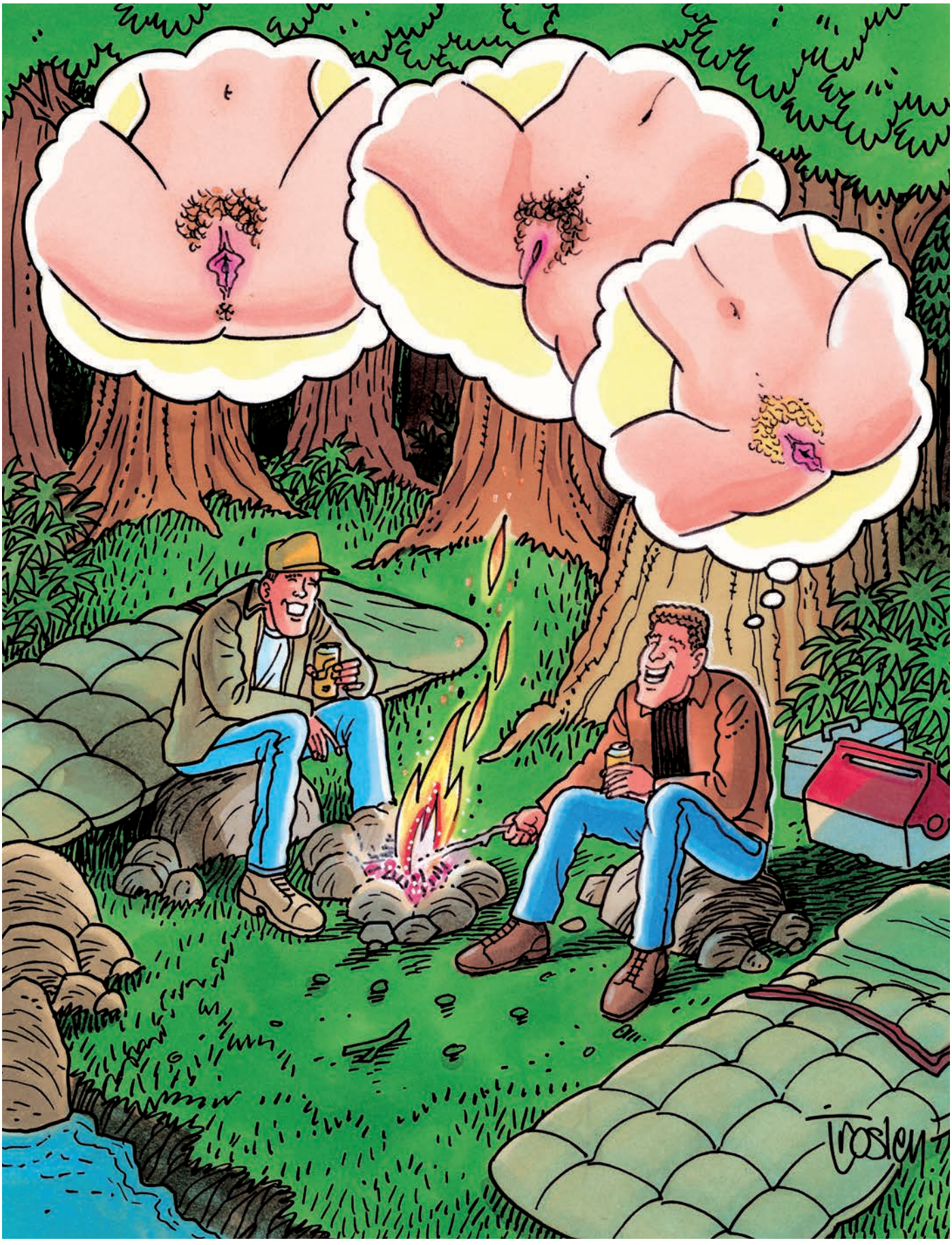
What 18-year-old—student or otherwise—doesn't need extra money? Moreover, Sander's cheeky poses, bikinis, nudity and bright smile hardly constitute porn. The word *porn* itself is hysterically relative anyway. Whether or not hard-core exposure of Sander as Zoey Zane ever existed isn't really important.

An overused quote remains the only evidence regarding Sander's personal life: "She enjoyed it," recalled Nikki Watson, one of her friends at Butler Community College. "She was a young teenage girl, and she wanted to be in the movies and enjoyed movies. She needed the extra money. Nobody in El Dorado knew besides her close friends."

Apparently. And Emily Sander is no longer here to tell us about it.

Rhonda K. Baughman, a graduate of Antioch University McGregor in Yellow Springs, Ohio, now attends Chicago's Argosy University and teaches creative writing at Brown Mackie College. She is also an online movie critic and poetess whose My Transvestite: A Novella of Love & Death, Porn & Revolution is soon to be rereleased by B&R Publications.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.



"Being way out here does make me realize what's truly important:
my wife's pussy, my secretary's pussy, my mistress's pussy..."

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow instructions in entry form on page 145 and indicate ***Real College Girls*** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

BY JOSH STEICHMANN

McKenna Elise, a premed student at **Metropolitan State College of Denver**, is majoring in biology, but the sexy senior now has an extracurricular activity that involves our favorite subject, the female anatomy. "Being naked in HUSTLER was something fun I could say I did," the 5-foot-9, 36B-24-34 beauty proudly declares. "I'm an exhibitionist."

Not surprisingly, the lifelong Coloradan—whose career goal is to become an anesthesiologist—is also an avid outdoors buff. "I'm busy studying most of the time," McKenna continues, "but I love four-wheeling, backpacking, camping, sailing, painting, scuba diving and skydiving." But one of her biggest rushes is working as a volunteer with a nonprofit agency that finds homes for retired racing greyhounds. "I took in two myself, Kyra and Java," McKenna exults.

The lanky coed has passions galore, but she saves her most intimate for last. "To me, nothing is sexier than a man who knows how to take charge," McKenna exuberantly confides. "I love to be dominated, and I've always played a submissive role in my fantasies. Tie me up, tease me, hold me down, bend me over, pull my hair, spank me! It doesn't get any better than that!"

For that matter, Real College Girls don't get much better than mesmerizing McKenna Elise.

—Photos by Friend

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Ladies luck: Lela Star spins Mariah Milano's wheel in **Pin Up Perversions**.*

*Were blowjobs better back then? **Pin Up** Lela gets nostalgic.*

***Perversions:** Soda jerk Tommy Gunn gives Adrianna Nicole a creamy phosphate.*

Pin Up Perversions

CLUBJENNA/VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: LAURENT SKY. STARRING: LELA STAR, ADRIANNA NICOLE, RILEY EVANS, MARIAH MILANO, CHARLES DERA, JERRY, MARCO BANDERAS & TOMMY GUNN.

Pushing production values higher than your average smut, HUSTLER photographer Laurent Sky evokes a long-gone Hollywood with some old-style studio lighting, vintage decor and steamy femme fatale Lela Star. If you ever wished the ladies in those old gangster flicks would rip off their tight dresses and start fucking that private dick, you'll be a sucker for Lela's luscious lips, false eyelashes and comely clam. (That's what they called a pussy in those days, we think.) *Pin Up Perversions* is a jazzy nostalgia trip that sometimes boasts more phony gloss than real passion, but Lela fits those vintage nylons as if she were poured into them. You may never go back to Turner Classic Movies. ***—M.J.***

*Katja Kassin (left) and Nautica Thorn (right) welcome some new members to the **Glory Hole**.*

__Glory Hole__ diva Tiffany Mynx backs up to the bumper.

Glory Hole

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: TIFFANY MYNX, LUCI THAI, NICKI HUNTER, BRANDY LYONS, KATJA KASSIN, NAUTICA THORN, ALEXIS MALONE & A BUNCH OF ANONYMOUS COCKS.

Tired of seeing all that man flesh hog screen space in your porn? Well, Jules Jordan has finally stripped the male component down to the bare bones: a dick through a hole in the wall. In what's arguably the standout in an A-list lineup, curvaceous wonder Tiffany Mynx teases her glory holes in a peep show booth and backs her legendary tush onto some disembodied dick like she's found the fuck of her life. For once, you can pity the male talent; you see Tiffany, and they don't. Sure, it's a gimmick, but it's a good one, and Jules Jordan's deft camerwork gets the most out of a tight situation. If you happen to hit the glory hole at your local contact bar, just imagine Tiffany (or any of her fellow bombshells) are on the other side, and you'll be the most popular cock in the wall. ***—M.J.***

Asian *who's who? Kyanna Lee and Keeani Lei go* ***Extreme****.*

Max Mikita is ***Extreme****-ly multicultural.*

Extreme *gal Annie Cruz invents the interracial popsicle.*

Asian *cutie Lyla Lei is a human fortune cookie.*

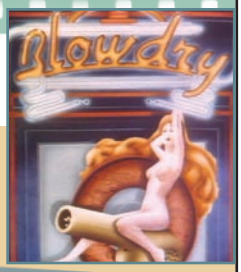
Asian Extreme

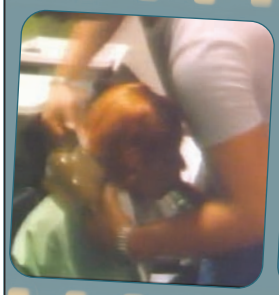
METRO INTERACTIVE/TOXXXIC ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: VINCENT VOSS. STARRING: ANNIE CRUZ, JAYNA OSO, KEEANI LEI, KYANNA LEE, LANA CROFT, LYLA LEI, MAX MIKITA, ALEX SANDERS, BYRON LONG, JUSTIN LONG, MARCO BANDERAS, MR. MARCUS & SEAN MICHAELS.

This movie was shot almost a year ago, so we're only reviewing it to run Toxxxic's promo pics of hot Asian chicks with big dicks up their asses. We'll keep it short and sweet (like your favorite Asian). Since *Asian Extreme* comes darn close to delivering on its title and includes a bonus disc, we're giving it a proud stiffy. Plus, Annie Cruz shows off her sprawling bush and calls her anus a "shit pussy." That babe should write for HUSTLER. ***—M.J.***

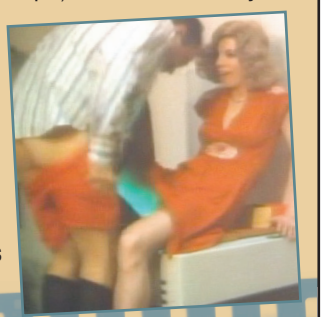
VINTAGE SMUT SPOTLIGHT

Helen Madigan and R. Bolla in Laser Scepter's Blowdry





HALO PARK PICTURES kicks off its Adult Classics Collection with a 1976 parody of Hal Ashby's 1975 satire *Shampoo*, in which a hairstylist gets away with screwing Hollywood housewives because their husbands think he's gay. Warren Beatty apparently didn't care to reprise his star turn for the XXX version, so Pepe Valentine steps in to pleasure a string of now-forgotten fuck bunnies, including Helen Madigan and Peonies Jong. Helping out in the dick department is R. Bolla, who appeared in over 200 smut flicks. (That was a lot in the old days.) Not as reckless as John Holmes (see "Double Wadd"), Bolla survived the sleaze to later portray the tugboat captain in *Spider-Man* (billed as Robert Kerman) and delivers a great commentary track about the skin biz's Golden Age (when performers were actors and porn had scripts). Back in the February '77 issue, HUSTLER's reviewer noted that *Blowdry* was "frivolous" and "imaginative" with "surprisingly good" production values. We were right. The DVD transfer, it must be said, is a mess in places, but who knows what Halo Park had to work with? Even after 30 years, the movie's fun-loving spirit shines through. ***—M.J.***



Double Wadd

STEP BACK: VCA GOLD CLASSICS UNZIPS THE BEST OF JOHN HOLMES

Whether you remember him as the hung porn stud who inspired the movie *Boogie Nights* or as a reckless, desperate junkie who died of AIDS, the word *legend* fits John Holmes like the extra-large condom he should have used. Still, most people who didn't troll Times Square moviehouses in the 1970s have never seen "The Wadd" in action. VCA Gold Classics has finally slapped Holmes's greatest hits onto two DVDs that feature his horse cock ploughing the depths of such blue-movie goddesses as Seka, Gloria Leonard and Rhonda Jo Petty. Holmes's flicks usually featured storylines with compelling characters (i.e., the private dick who gave him his nickname, Johnny Wadd), but these compilations cut straight to the action like today's smut. It would have been nice to at least introduce the clips with titles and dates for us porn nerds who care. That said, the picture quality is mostly top-notch, and the ladies are full-grown, all-natural bombshells. No wonder they call this the Golden Era. A standout clip on Volume 2 offers ultra-close-ups of Leslie Bovee's very erogenous zones. Just imagine her glistening orifices sprawled across a grindhouse movie screen!

The Best of John Holmes is an overdue nostalgia trip that will leave viewers hoping somebody soon whips out a release of these flicks in their full-length versions. Big John may have had his flaws, but he sure knew how to work with what he had. ***—M.J.***

Brand New Faces #2: *Allie Foster gets broken in big-time.*

Brand New *knockers? Just wait until Phoenix Marie turns around.*

Faces' *video virgin Alana Leigh picks a career path.*

BNF2 *soul mates Anna Nihilist and Reina Terror share it all.*

Brand New Faces #2

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: ALANA LEIGH, ALLIE FOSTER, PHOENIX MARIE, ANNA NIHILIST, REINA TERROR, DONNY LONG, ALEX GONZ & VOODOO.

Vivid peddles this newbies line with a "100% money-back guarantee" that these are "first-time ever" gals. A little Internet research confirms the claim, but the genuine shyness and unjaded fun that flow out of these girls is the real proof. Phoenix Marie nails her scene with clumsy, moanful pleasure as if it's prom night, while punky gal pals Anna Nihilist and Reina Terror turn in a nervous, giggly performance that will charm your boxers off. Bashful Alana Leigh says she wants to get paid doing what she likes to do, and judging by the way her pussy gapes and queefs, we can tell the newcomer means it. The flick climaxes with wholesome, doe-eyed Allie Foster. No doubt a great lay in high school, Allie seems glad (so far) that she's making a career out of it. *Brand New Faces #2* is hands-down the cutest porn flick we've seen in at least a week. (We see a lot of dirty movies around here). ***—M.J.***

Co-Ed Cum Eater *Paulina James hits her favorite mensa.*

Kaylee Love Cox stretches her ***Co-Ed*** *budget.*

Jamba jism: McKenzee Miles gets her fill with a stirring ***Cum*** *shake.*

Co-Ed Cum Eaters

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: DAVID LUGER. STARRING: PAULINA JAMES, McKENZEE MILES, AUBREY ADDAMS, KAYLEE LOVE COX, LEXI BELLE, MANUEL FERRARA, TALON, CLAUDIO MELONI, ANDREW ANDRETTI & CHRIS CHARMING.

Paulina James is as ball-achingly cute as that chick who lived in your dorm back in college but was too busy banging everybody else to talk to you. And remember that horny homecoming queen who looked exactly like McKenzee Miles? Or that girl you studied with who was the spitting image of Lexi Belle? How about that Kaylee Love Cox lookalike who let your buddy fuck her in the ass at a freshman mixer? Holy shit, is HUSTLER stealing your memories and selling them back to you as porn? Yes, we are. Don't thank us; it's what we do. ***—M.J.***

Celebrate the STAR POWER!

PORN'S BIGGEST AWARDS SHOW HONORS THE STAR OF *NOT THE BRADYS XXX* AND *BRITNEY REARS 3*

AT THE *ADULT VIDEO NEWS* Awards' 2008 extravaganza in Sin City, Hillary Scott grabbed the Best Supporting Actress trophy for her penetrating portrayal of a cyber bad girl in SexZ Pictures' *Upload*. The sci-fi epic, which earned a fully erect review in our April '08 issue, also added Best Video Feature to its stack of kudos at the annual festival of flesh. Thanks to her turn as Marcia in HUSTLER's *Not the Bradys XXX*, anal wonder Hillary was nominated for Best Actress as well, but lost to steamy *Upload* costar Eva Angelina. HUSTLER's clutch of honors also included a Best Interactive DVD nod for *InTERActive*. For the complete awards list, check out **AVNawards.com**. Also check out our full coverage of porn's biggest bash in the next issue of HUSTLER. ***—M.J.***

*Versatile Hillary as Tesla in **Upload**…*

*…Marcia in **Not the Bradys XXX**…*

*…and fan fave **Britney Rears**.*

FREE DVDS!

WIN A 6-PACK OF HUSTLER HITS CONTEST ENTRY FORM

To win a set of HUSTLER's greatest dick-grabbers of 2007—including *Not The Bradys XXX*, *Britney Rears 3: Britney Gets Shafted*, *InTERActive*, *Barely Legal 75th Anniversary Edition* and *Kill Jill Volumes 1* & *2*, just follow the instructions on the form below and send it in. We'll be picking three winners this time, so that triples your chances! Good luck! To get the chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, age, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to DVD Giveaway #2, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

E-mail Address _____ Age _____

Subscriber (check one) YES☐ NO☐

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐Cartoons ☐Articles ☐Video Reviews

☐Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐ Other: _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by May 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

NOW PLAYING ON HUSTLER TV™

HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL #75

HUSTLER'S GHETTO BOOTY #30

HUSTLER'S BUTT WORSHIP #12

HUSTLER'S I'M A MILFAHOLIC

HUSTLER'S BIG NATURAL BREASTS #20

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if you can get HUSTLER TV.

*Biker chick Faye Runaway revs up **Barely Legal #75**.*

Big-girl power: Wigged-out April Flores shows her friends the ***Voluptuous Life****.*

***Life** of the party: Cherry and April get jiggy.*

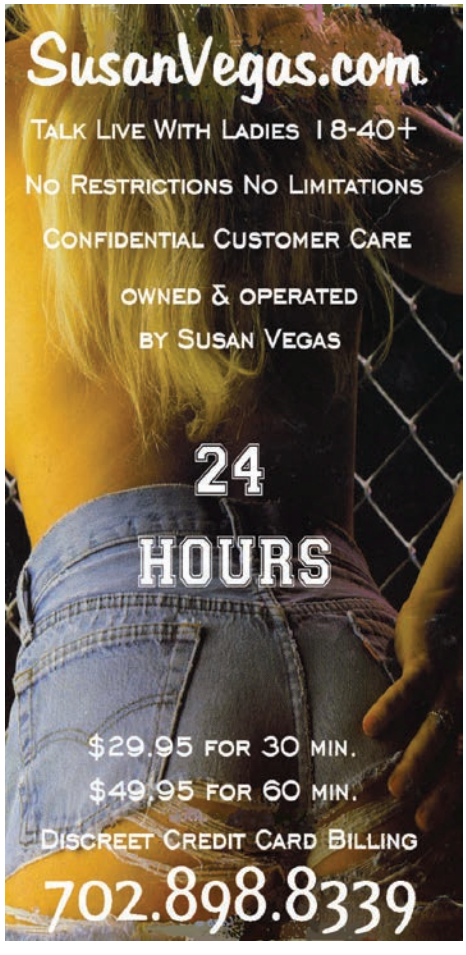
Voluptuous Life

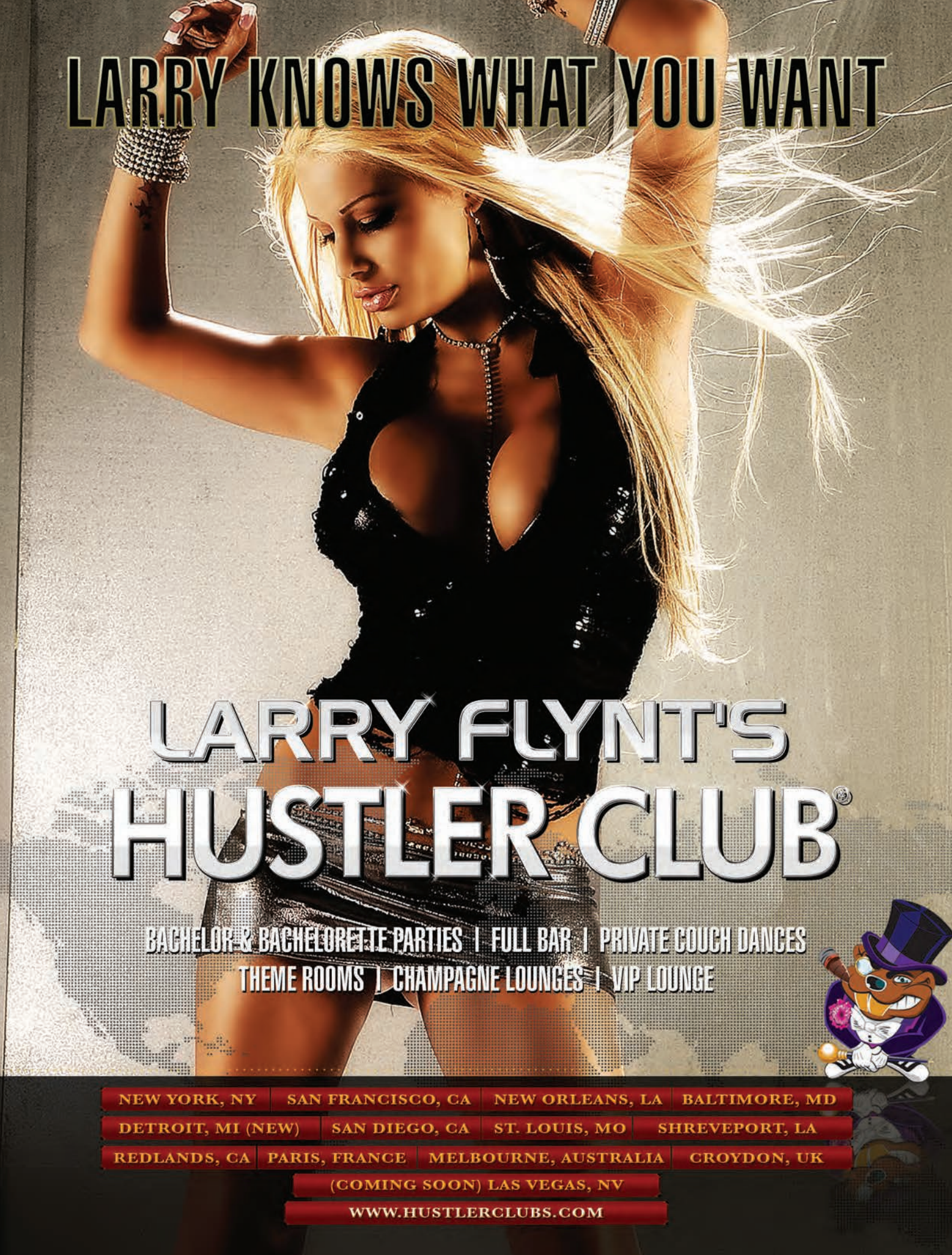
ADAM & EVE PICTURES/BAD SEED. DIRECTOR: CARLOS BATTS. STARRING: APRIL FLORES, CHERRY, EK, FREEDA, KIMBERLY KANE & PEPPERMINT FATTY.

This could have been a chubby chaser's wet dream, and the first scene is promising: Bulbous diva April Flores wanders around stark naked in her hotel room, getting ready to hit the town. She's fat, cute and lovin' it. Next we see April getting her fulsome floppies tattooed, trying out some pole-dancing and just about sleepwalking through various hipster haunts like a do-nothing photo model. Unfortunately, it's painfully obvious that *Voluptuous Life* was shot by a fashion photog, not a maker of fuck flicks. Our portly poser looks terminally bored, and the vignettes come off like behind-the-scenes footage at *America's Next Fat Model.* Sure, there are numerous glimpses of April's ripply rolls and pudgy pussy, but the sex gets beached at dildo-diddling and some girl/girl kissy-kiss. According to the quotes onscreen, April's a pro-sex feminist who found empowerment through nudity. Good for her. Now let's see that cellulite get pounded! One more gripe: This movie is less than an hour-and-a-half long! Maybe April made the director cut out all that footage of her eating. Okay, that was mean, but that's what happens when you can't jerk off.

—M.J.

LET'S GET NAUGHTY!
All Girls Are Live From Home
Call Now We Have A Kinky Girl For You!!
1-800
599-5530
•Housewives •College Blondes •Brunettes
•Redheads •Asian •European
•Trans Sexual •Transvestites •Bi-Sexual
$27 Flat Rate Billed Discreetly - Open 24 Hrs. 18+




LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT
LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB®
BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE
NEW YORK, NY
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
NEW ORLEANS, LA
BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI (NEW)
SAN DIEGO, CA
ST. LOUIS, MO
SHREVEPORT, LA
REDLANDS, CA
PARIS, FRANCE
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
CROYDON, UK
(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV
WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

BREAKING IN THE NEW GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER

JENNI LEE & JEAN VAL JEAN

Just look at the young-and-willing **Jenni Lee**. She's quickly becoming one of our favorite fresh faces in porn. We love a hungry starlet who isn't afraid to suck and fuck her way to the top. Check out the way **Jenni** mouths that massive schlong. This gal is good! Eager to please, the naughty newbie deep-throats it again and again. We only have one complaint about this photo-set: the dude. That well-hung, pony-tailed Frenchman **Jean Val Jean** is once again ravishing an American girl-next-door. This time it's gorgeous **Jenni Lee**.

Shouldn't it be us getting an A-1 blowjob and then boning the babe from behind? It's not like we have anything against **Jean** personally. He might be a great guy if you get to know him. Maybe. Probably not though. We just don't care for the French. What have they really given us? Even French fries aren't really from France. Plus, they really love Jerry Lewis. Honestly, we're jealous of **Jean**.

We wonder if there is some way the wristband-wearing bastard could be deported. Any of our readers out there work for Immigration? Oh, and a note to **Jenni**: Please continue being sluttier than sin in front of the camera, and if you ever want to hook up with a real man, just call any of the hard-working editors at HUSTLER.

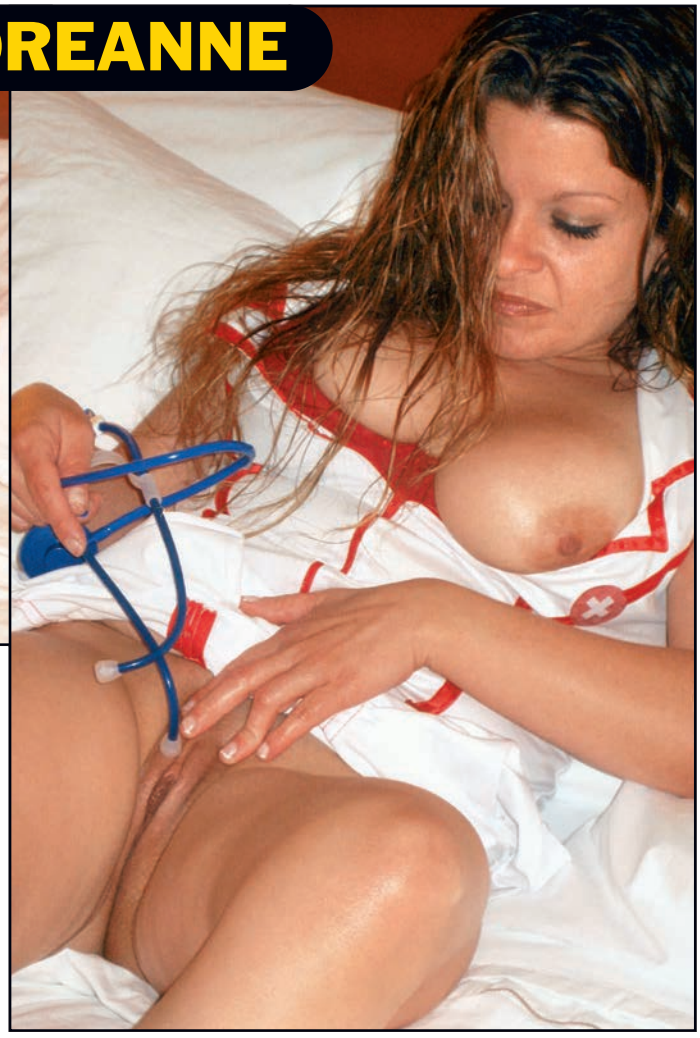
THERESA

Introducing herself, this homemaker from Olive Hill, Kentucky, purrs, "I'm a sweet, polite, soft-spoken, small-town girl, but I have a wild side just dying to come out. My husband is proud that I'm in HUSTLER. Me too!" Theresa—who'll be blowing out 31 birthday candles come June—is into Nickelback, Eminem, Snoop Dog, dancing, collecting knickknacks and "outdoor adventures," which are highlighted at times by sex in public places. The 5-foot-4 darling also has a knack for posing nude and sharing her private side. "I have a pretty good sex life, that's for sure," Theresa discloses. "I mostly like intercourse with me flat on my back, but doggy-style is a nice change of pace. I've done the two-guy thing, but I'm ready to get even wilder!" —Photos by Husband

"My fantasy is to be tied up in a cave and fucked hard all night!"

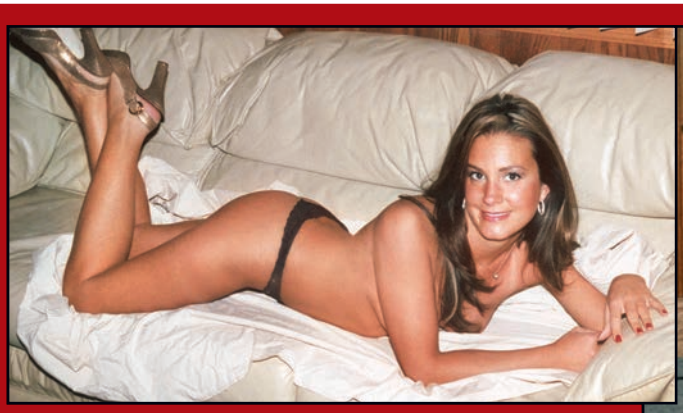
"What do y'all think of my ass? I think it's just dandy!"

LOREANNE



Born in Massachusetts, Loreanne, 37, now resides in Fullerton, California, and is employed as a customer service worker. However, the fan of baseball's Boston Red Sox and the rock band 3 Doors Down provides more attentive service when she's getting down and dirty. "I'm a freak," the 4-foot-11, 38DD pixie admits. "I love sex. I try to have it all the time. I like giving blowjobs most of all. Sucking a cock makes me really wet. Guys are pretty happy when I'm around." Loreanne, who has had "only a few experiences with other girls," is also big on "playing with myself." As if all that juicy stuff wasn't enough, she also tells us, "My fantasy is to be a personal sex therapist. I would like to go out to couples' homes to show them what to do and then watch them perform as they learn to get maximum pleasure from every sexual experience." As a horny nurse, Loreanne has put on an exemplary performance. —Photos by Friend

ASHLEY



"My fantasy is to make love with Leonardo DiCaprio. He's my dream guy!"

"Being in your magazine is the chance of a lifetime," professes Ashley, 30, a Milwaukee healthcare provider. "I'm not ashamed of anything. I may not be in tip-top shape anymore, but I have a unique look. I think my smile and ass are especially distinctive." A tennis player in high school and college, Ashley now fills her leisure time with "ice-skating, cooking, exercising and watching movies—anything but sci-fi." As for her "sporadic" sex life, the 5-foot-4 "happy single girl" eagerly spurts out, "I'm passionate, intense and straight, and I get the most enjoyment from penetration and oral." Finally, the adorable mag virgin entertains a balmy, escape-from-Wisconsin fantasy: "Running around naked on a beach in Hawaii would be so cool." And when you do it, Ashley, please send us a few hot snapshots. —Photos by Friend

ELAINE

Twenty-three-year-old Elaine will soon be graduating from an Ohio college of mortuary science. Meanwhile, the avid HUSTLER reader from Cincinnati has decided to liven up her life by being a Beaver. "It seemed like fun," notes the 5-foot-3 nude-modeling rookie, who has loads of fun when she isn't sitting in class or hitting the books. "I'm very carnal and adventurous," Elaine proceeds. "I lost my virginity on a four-wheeler when I was 18 with a helicopter flying overhead." Although the bi gal really digs "being bent over a love seat and making tons of noise so the neighbors can hear," she also relishes alfresco romps. Hence her idyllic fantasy: "I'd love to be violated while standing under a waterfall in broad daylight, with the water dripping from my face down to my wet-and-tight asshole and pussy. Yeah, I'm the girl-next-door!" —Photos by Lady Friend

AUTUMN

"I'm Italian, and I love to cook and bake," reveals Autumn, 23, a part-time dancer by way of Dayton, Ohio. And what a stellar visual and aural feast the 5-foot-1, 36DD-25-36 knockout has served up. "I'm very dominant and freaky," the karate enthusiast points out. "I really love giving a man head. I am also into women. Nothing better than making love to a hot woman, then going home to share the experience with my man!" Autumn, who once sold sex toys online and now does volunteer work at an animal shelter, has a pair of kittenish fantasies: "I want to have sex onstage in front of a ton of people. I like having an audience! It would also be cool to stand naked in a store window, pretending to be a mannequin and shocking people as they pass by." —Photos by Boyfriend

RUBY

"I like being naked," coos this 5-foot-5 secretary out of Franklin, Georgia, "but being naked in *Beaver Hunt* means that lots of men are seeing me!" Born in 1969, Ruby pipes, "When it comes to sex, I'm open for anything. I truly enjoy giving blowjobs and dominating a woman while my husband watches. Since I love pussy and cock, he's always welcome to join in." Ruby's big dream is a "HUSTLER spread." —Photos by Husband

TRACI

"I want to fuck a helicopter pilot high over Long Island!"

From Coram, New York, comes a spry 52-year-old who has no plans to slow down—be it disrobing for entertainment or frolicking to climax. With jigsaw puzzles, reading, cooking and bike riding for tame pastimes, Traci tests both mind and body. But the 5-footer especially savors risqué behavior. "I had sex with a train conductor on a trip to Manhattan," admits Traci, who'll indulge just about anywhere. "I also did a show at a pizza shop after closing time. I was rolled out, but not like dough. I stripped for the guys, then said, 'Come and get it.' What a night!" —Photos by Traci

SWEET SADIE

Meet a "curious and spoiled" housewife from Crown Point, Indiana, who has returned to the fold a little later than planned. Sweet Sadie, 27, was hoping to be showcased in our Valentine's Day issue—that being her birthday—but we blew it. So will the 5-foot-4 hottie when engaging in her favorite "task," a deserved break from spiffing up her home (usually in lingerie), tending to the dogs, cutting the lawn and cooking meals. "I love sucking cock," admits "always horny" Sadie, whose platonic hobbies include gardening and traveling. "I can't wait to perk up my husband with a blowjob, getting fucked doggy-style, then finishing him off with my mouth. What can I say? I love cum!" Sadie's hubby would like to watch her take on some of his pals, but the sweetie is sold on "having sex with another woman; the time has come!" —Photos by Friend

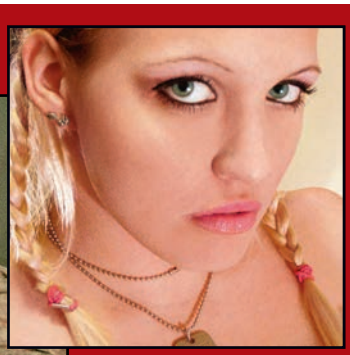
"I want guys and girls to see me naked and do their thing!"

"If I could be naked 24 hours a day, I'd do it," chirps this uninhibited caregiver from Pukalani, Hawaii, who'll be celebrating her 26th birthday in June as a standout Beaver. No surprise, but the 5-foot-7 tyro—who digs "hiking, hunting for boar and using a vibrator when I'm bored"—is also an amorous standout. "I'm wild and crazy," Kayla confides. "I like to do spunky, rambunctious things with my boyfriend. I'm usually submissive, and I enjoy the whole package, from kissing *everywhere* to being eaten out to fucking." Kayla's sleek package is also impressive. "I think my butt is my best feature," the doggy-style aficionada reckons. "I love being spanked. I just wish my boobies were bigger." Even so, Ms. Star's birthday presence is overpowering. Cheers! —Photos by Friend

MANDY STAR

"I'd love to go on a safari deep in Maui's jungle and be tied up, blindfolded and ravished in every way imaginable!"

PERSEFONI



Bearing the name of a Greek goddess, Persefoni, 22, is a "café manager by day and stripper by night." Says the self-assured denizen of Fort Worth, Texas, "Before I was old enough to think this way, I wanted to be in a men's magazine. Yes, I'm an exhibitionist, but I'm not a brainless bimbo." Writing lyrics, playing bass and studying foreign languages (Greek, Russian, Hebrew and German) also keep Persefoni preoccupied, as does the Internet. "I'm quite a bit of a computer nerd," adds the 5-foot-4 MySpace buff. "Last, but definitely not least, I love sex. I've been told I'm crazy in bed, and I really get off being overpowered and dominated. Anal hurts, but everything else is in! Girls too, even though it's been a while. That's why one of my fantasies is to have sex with a stripper in my home club's DJ booth!"

—Photos by Friend

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

In consideration of the payment of $350 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, display, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet Web site and/or transmission, or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization. **In its sole discretion, LFP Publishing Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, may elect to post the Images submitted by the Model on its Internet Web site currently located at BeaverHunt.com instead of publishing them in HUSTLER Magazine. In that case, the Model agrees to accept as full consideration for such posting six months of free membership and benefits in said BeaverHunt.com Web site.**

AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER: _____(PRINT NAME)

I declare that I am the sole photographer of the Image(s) submitted herewith; I own all intellectual property rights in the Image(s); I submit the Image(s) for consideration for publication in HUSTLER Magazine. If any Image(s) so submitted are published in HUSTLER Magazine, or are instead posted on the BeaverHunt.com Internet Web site operated by LFP Internet Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, then I hereby grant worldwide reproduction, exhibition and display rights in all media and in perpetuity in all Images so submitted, published or posted, including the right to alter or edit said Images, to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns.

Photographer's legal signature | Date (month/date/year)

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

THE PICKUP ARTIST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

MELISSA JACOBS

I guess if I were to describe myself in one word, it would be forward," prefaces the upfront **Melissa**. "I used to be the girl that guys were afraid to ask out or too scared to approach in a bar, and I just got sick of being lonely. Now if I see some hot dude who interests me, I'll walk up and buy *him* a drink! If things go well, then I'll make the first move. Lick his ear, then reach for his crotch and whisper, 'Let's go!' Who could resist?"

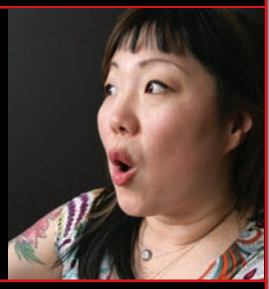
Melissa continues, "We always head to my cozy apartment. With the home court advantage, I can take total control, not to mention having all the toys and lotions I need to get things going. Even better, I know my place will be spotless. There's no bigger turn-off than having sex in a filthy, rundown bachelor pad."

Is it safe to assume that **Melissa** prefers being on top? "Hell, yeah!" she exclaims. "I love to ride a guy's cock to victory. That doesn't mean he should just lie there. He has to know what to do with his dick. The guy also has to accept the fact that when it's over, he should go. I'm not into any of that cuddling crap."

Wow! What a woman!

MELISSA'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Hartford, Wisconsin
AGE: 26
BIRTH SIGN: Taurus
HEIGHT: 5-6

COMING NEXT MONTH



MARGARET CHO

Comedy's most flamboyant female gives the raunchiest and funniest interview you'll ever read. Trading barbs with Keith Valcourt, the outrageous standup sensation skewers everything from S&M clubs to her favorite pastime: eating ass. Says Cho, "If you can't finish, just put a bookmark in it and come back later."

DAKODA BROOKES: FIRST TIME'S THE CHARM

This 18-year-old Southern cutie has breezed into Porn Valley to take the adult industry by storm. Be there as skin-biz insider Scott Fayner tracks Dakoda's first nude modeling gig, her first lesson on fucking in front of a camera and her first hard-core movie. It won't be her last.

GINA KING: EXOTIC AND EROTIC

Your eyes will pop at the paintings of the world's newest fetish specialist, whose kink-filled masterpieces glory in the forbidden imagery of tight leather, gleaming metal and succulent flesh. Plus Gina King herself is *so-o-o-o* hot!

THE COLD CIVIL WAR

The powers-that-be are waging a secret war as vicious as the conflicts in the Middle East—and the enemy is *you!* Noted blogger and investigator Larisa Alexandrovna (who reported the right-wing frame-up of Alabama's ex-governor Don Siegelman in this issue) explains the insidious threat to your wallet and your freedom as the neocons intentionally gut and destroy the American middle class.

USS *LIBERTY*: ISRAEL ATTACKS AMERICA!

Israeli fighter planes and torpedo boats strike a U.S. naval vessel, killing 34 men. What would the White House do? Nothing! Paul Craig Roberts, a member of Ronald Reagan's Cabinet, speaks to the veterans who survived the horror and watched for 40 years as our government lied about the tragic incident.

THE *AVN* SHOW

What happens in Vegas stays there...except when it's a convention of the wildest people in porn. Parties, flashers, games, high-rollers—even HUSTLER mascot Bucky Beaver. It was crazier than ever in Sin City!

JAYME LANGFORD

The July '08 HUSTLER goes on sale April 29, 2008. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.